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Holguin
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ARIA
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The Soul Market
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ARIA

The Soul Market

written by
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art by
David Yardin

letters by
Dreamer Design

created by
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colors by
Raymund Lee

cover by
Jay Anacleto

Somewhere around the corner, just beyond the edge of perception, lies a world you never dreamed existed...

A world where creatures of ancient myth and gods long thought dead walk unnoticed along the crowded streets of Manhattan. Where every shadow holds a secret and every secret has a price. Where danger and wonder can be found at any turn, if you only know where to look.

Welcome to the world of...

ARIA

Lady Kildare, a 900-year-old Faerie Princess living in modern day New York, serves as the unofficial matriarch of a small group of displaced mythic beings. Among them are the dwarven warrior called the Pug; Ondine, an itinerant water sprite; the semiretired god of revels, Dion; and the half-faerie, half-mortal street poet, Child Roland.

ARIA: The Soul Market Vol. 1, #1, March 2001. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 N. Batavia St. Ste. A Orange, CA 92867. $2.95 US/$4.35 Canada. ARIA: The Soul Market its logo and all related characters are trademark and copyright Brian Haberlin and Brian Holguin 2001. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any simliarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted without the express written consent of Brian Haberlin or Brian Holguin. PRINTED IN CANADA.

MRS. MAZEPPA HAS BEEN LOOKING OUT FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS LONG AS ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.
SHE MOVED HERE AFTER WORLD WAR II, A GREEK WAR BRIDE BROUGHT HOME BY AN AMERICAN G.I.
OPENED A LITTLE BAKERY OFF BLEEKER STREET. RAN IT FOR ALMOST 40 YEARS. SHE LOVED THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.
WATCHED THE KIDS GROW UP, GO OFF GET MARRIED AND HAVE KIDS OF THEIR OWN.
SHE'D SPEND HOURS SWEEPING THE STEPS OF HER BROWNSTONE, CHATTING TO WHOEVER WALKED BY, JUST WATCHING THE WORLD AS IT TURNED ABOUT HER.
94
NEVER WANTED TO MISS A THING.
I GUESS THAT'S WHY WHEN SHE DIED IN 1989, SHE DIDN'T SEE ANY REASON TO LEAVE.

I LOVE THIS TIME OF YEAR. THE LAST COLD SIGHS OF WINTER, BRINGING THE PROMISE OF SPRING ON THE WIND.
IN THE OLD DAYS, THE CELTS IN IRELAND WOULD CELEBRATE THE SEASON WITH THE FESTIVAL OF IMBOLG.
HELLO, MY LOVELY. HOW ARE YOU?
HI, MRS. MAZEPPA. I'M FINE. THANK YOU.
TELL ME, KILDARE. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FIND A PRINCE CHARMING OF YOUR OWN AND SETTLE DOWN?
OH, I DON'T KNOW. I'M NOT HOLDING MY BREATH. I'VE KNOWN TOO MANY PRINCE CHARMINGS IN MY DAY.
WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. THIS BREEZE IS BRINGING SOMETHING, I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT.
I KNOW. IT'S BRINGING SPRINGTIME.
IT'S BRINGING CHANGE, MY DEAR. MARK MY WORDS.
THEY HELD GREAT, WILD FEASTS AND MADE OFFERINGS TO THE FAERIE COURT. THESE DAYS, OF COURSE, THE FAERIE MUST FEND FOR THEMSELVES.
OKAY. I GOTTA RUN. I'M HAVING A DINNER PARTY. YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US...
THANK YOU, DEAR. BUT I DON'T LIKE TO LEAVE MY STOOP.
OKAY. SEE YOU LATER.
IT'S A GOOD LIFE, DEAR. ENJOY IT!

MRS. MAZEPPA'S RIGHT. IT IS A GOOD LIFE. BUT MOST PEOPLE DON'T TRULY REALIZE THAT TILL THEY'RE DEAD.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT IS. PEOPLE ARE SUCH STRANGE CREATURES.
DING-DONG
SHOOT.
HANG ON, HANG ON...
SORRY I'M LATE. THINGS HAVE BEEN CRAZY.

IMBOLG IS STILL CELEBRATED IN PARTS OF IRELAND AS oiche fheil bhrighidem, THE EVE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRIGHID. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH ADOPTED THE HOLIDAY AS CANDLEMAS.

THERE WAS AN ACTUAL ST. BRIGHID, BY THE WAY. SHE WAS BORN IN IRELAND "NEITHER INSIDE NOR OUTSIDE A HOUSE" AND WAS SAID TO HANG WET WASHING ON SUNBEAMS TO DRY.

IN 525, SHE BECAME THE ABBESS OF KILDARE, STRANGELY ENOUGH.

THESE DAYS, I DON'T GO IN FOR ALL THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE. JUST A NICE DINNER WITH DEAR FRIENDS. WHAT A MOTLEY MOB WE MAKE...

ONDINE, SO FULL OF MIRTH AND MISCHIEF.

IS THAT A SHILLING IN YOUR POCKET, VICAR, OR ARE YOU JUST --

PUG, BIG HEART, FILTHY MOUTH.

YES. YOU'VE TOLD THAT ONE BEFORE, PUG. MANY TIMES.

DION, OLDER THAN US ALL, AGED LIKE FINE WINE.

MY SWEET, DELICATE COUSIN GINNY.

A TOAST, TO OUR FAIR HOSTESS. "HER PEOPLE WERE FAIR AND HAD THE SKY IN THEIR HAIR, BUT NOW THEY'RE CONTENT TO WEAR THE STARS ON THEIR BROWS..."

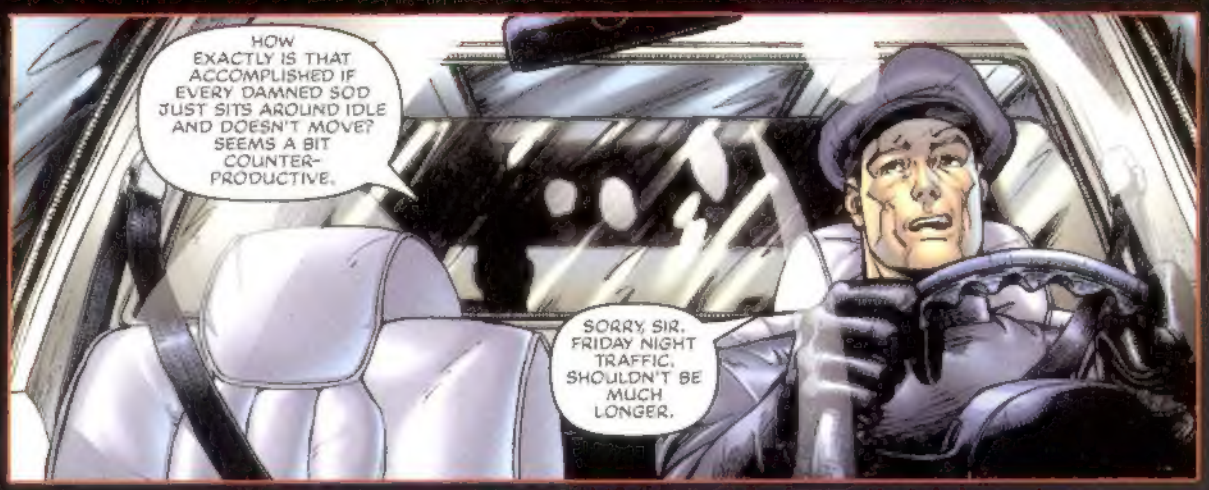
WILD, ROMANTIC ROLAND...

THANK YOU, ROLAND.

AND YOURS TRULY.

THAT WAS LOVELY, TENNYSON?
T-REX, ACTUALLY.
NOW, KHEYA, SWANEE, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR TRIP TO TANGIERS.
I HAVE A FINE BENEDICTINE BRANDY, PUG, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.
NO THANKS. I'VE A FINE MUG OF ANCHOR STEAM HERE.
FOOD, DRINK, AND ALL MY FAVORITE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD...
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?
THAT'S STRANGE. NO ONE INVITED HIM...AT LEAST I DON'T THINK SO...
GINNY. IS SOMETHING WRONG, DEAR?
NO. IT'S JUST THAT SOMEONE IS COMING. SOMEONE NEW.
I MEAN, SOMEONE NEW BUT SOMEONE OLD.

YOU THERE. WITH THE HAT. I HAVE A QUESTION.
YES, SIR.
YES, SIR.
THE POINT, I BELIEVE, OF THIS RIDICULOUS CONTRAPTION IS TO CONVEY ONE FROM PLACE TO PLACE. CORRECT?

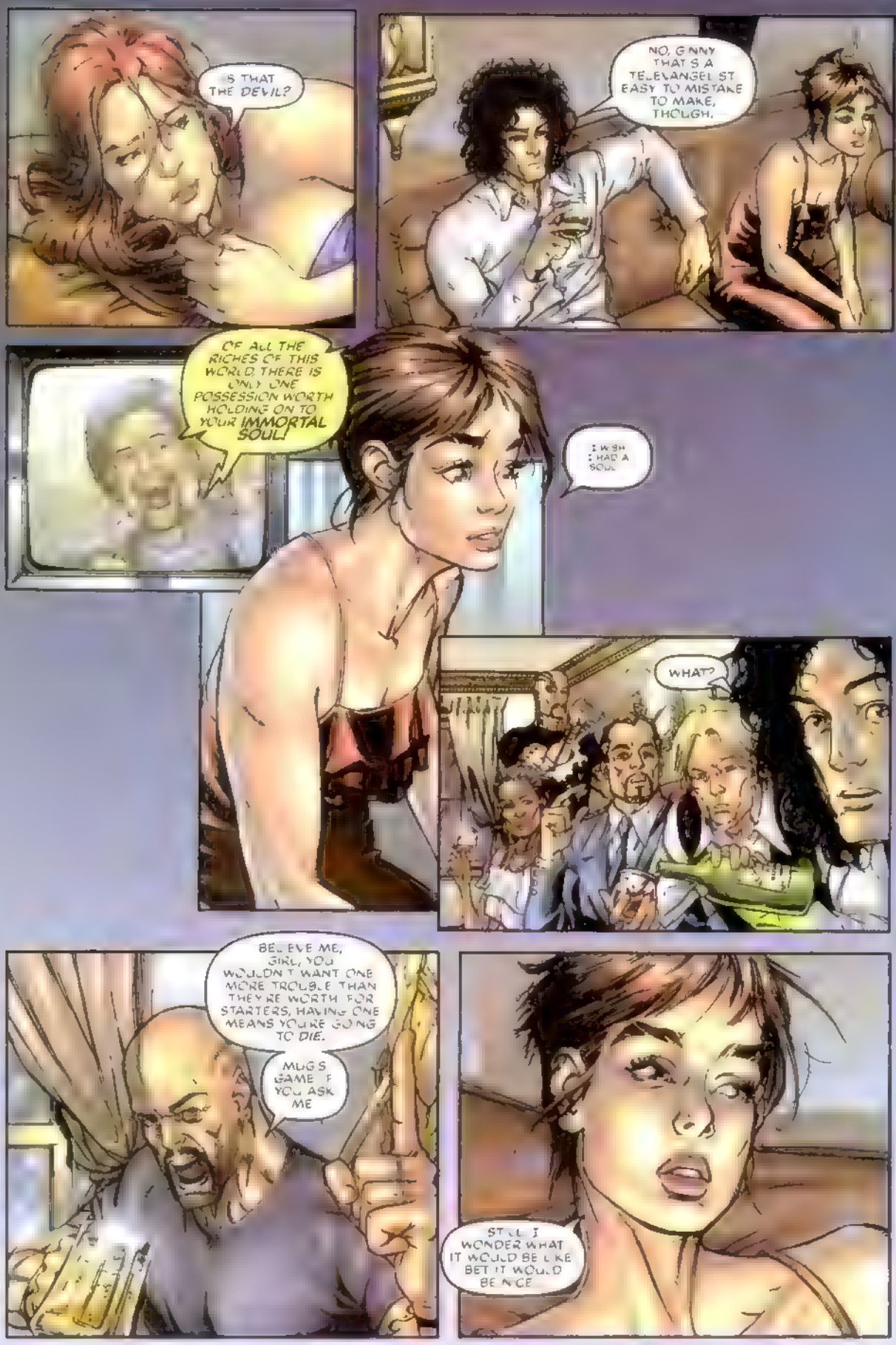

HOW EXACTLY IS THAT ACCOMPLISHED IF EVERY DAMNED SOD JUST SITS AROUND IDLE AND DOESN'T MOVE? SEEMS A BIT COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE.
SORRY, SIR. FRIDAY NIGHT TRAFFIC. SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LONGER.

Gallery
PM MON-SAT
CLOSED
HERE WE ARE, SIR. SORRY FOR THE DELAY.
ZARK7

GOOD EVENING, SIR? ARE YOU--?
OF COURSE, I AM HE. OUT OF MY WAY.
BLOODY PEASANTS.

FOLLOW ME, SIR.
HAVE THE PAPERWORK FAXED TO GENEVA IN THE MORNING, MS. PORTER. AND CALL BILLINGS IN L.A. --
CAPRIS, YOU THIEVING OLD SHIT...
AH, MY GOOD FELLOW. HOW ARE YOU, OLD FRIEND? SO GOOD TO SEE YOU.
YOU LOOK WELL. BUT THEN YOU ALWAYS DO.
SAVE THE ARSE KISSING, MATE, AND SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

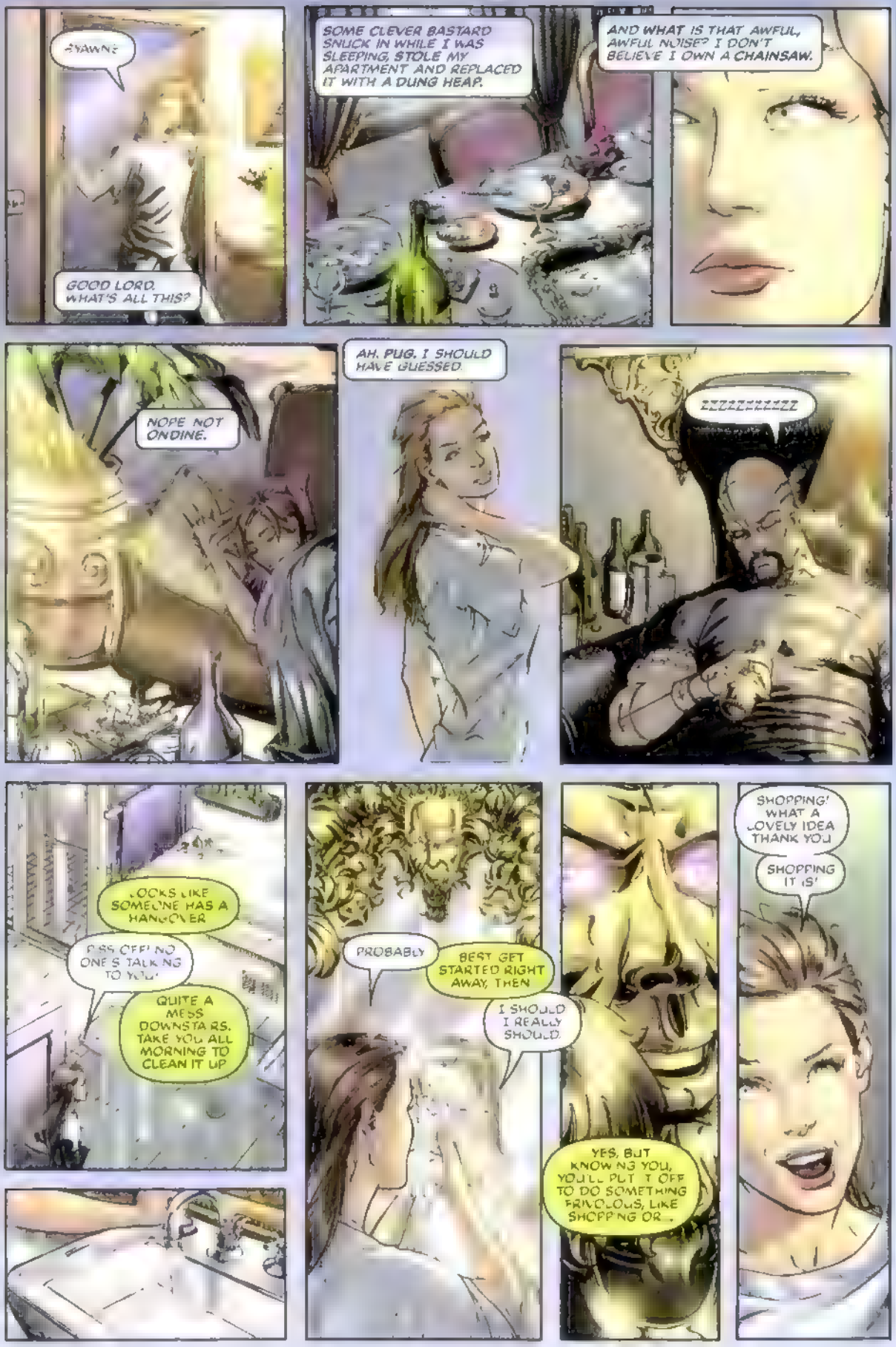
SO THIS IS TELEVISION? HOW ODD. I DON'T THINK I LIKE IT.
I TOLD YOU YOU WEREN'T MISSING MUCH, DION.
THERE IS BUT ONE ROAD, STRAIGHT AND TRUE, THROUGH THE PITFALLS OF THIS WICKED WORLD TO THE GLORIOUS GATES OF ETERNAL SALVATION!
NOW, IT'S THE DEVIL'S GAME TO LEAD YOU ASTRAY, TO TEMPT YOU FROM THE STRAIT AND NARROW.
OI! WHAT'S THIS FELLER HERE?
PUG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! PUT THAT DOWN. UNLESS YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO RELEASE THE PLAGUE OF SHADOWS INTO MY LIVING ROOM.
OKAY, OKAY. BLOODY MAD GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LEAVING YOUR POTENTIALLY WORLD-ENDING ARTIFACTS AROUND FOR YOUR DRUNKEN FRIENDS TO STUMBLE UPON?
WHY NOT TOSS SOME LIVE GRENADES IN THE PUNCH BOWL?


IS THAT THE DEVIL?
NO, GINNY THAT'S A TELEVANGELIST EASY TO MISTAKE TO MAKE, THOUGH.
OF ALL THE RICHES OF THIS WORLD, THERE IS ONLY ONE POSSESSION WORTH HOLDING ON TO YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL!
I WISH I HAD A SOUL
WHAT?
BELIEVE ME, GIRL, YOU WOULDN'T WANT ONE MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH. FOR STARTERS, HAVING ONE MEANS YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.
MUGS GAME IF YOU ASK ME
STILL I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE. BET IT WOULD BE NICE

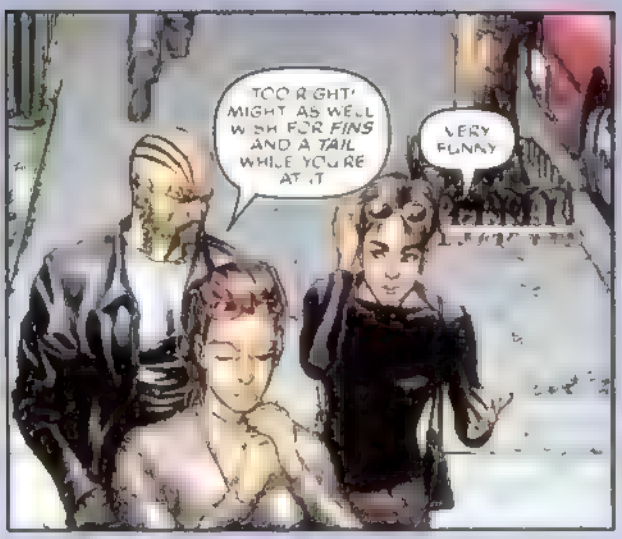
-- THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURER LORD DUNCAN HELPED BUILD THE TRANS-AFRICAN RAILWAY. TOOK HIS EXERCISE BY SHOOTING NATIVES FROM HORSEBACK.
NO. I DON'T LIKE HIM.
NOW, WHAT'S THIS ONE?
AH, YES. THE TWINS. VERY SPECIAL. A MATCHED SET, AS IT WERE. VERY RARE.
HOW MUCH?
MY ASSISTANT CAN SHOW YOU THE PRICE LIST, MISS PORTER.

PORTRAIT OF VAN JIECK TWINS, AGED TWO YEARS O L ON WOOD PAINTED N AMSTERDAM, CIRCA 1760. ART ST UNKNOWN
AND THERE S THE PRICE HERE
A BIT STEEP ISN'T IT, CAPRIS? YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO GOUGE ME, WOULD YOU?
IT IS A GOOD DEAL MY FRIEND. "DOUBLES" ARE VERY HARD TO COME BY
TELL YOU WHAT, MATE I M NEW TO TH S CITY. I COULD USE A DOMESTIC. THROW THE GIRL INTO THE POT AND YOU VE GOT A DEAL
WHAT?
GENTLE WITH THE MERCHANDISE, LADS I PA D FAR GELD FOR IT

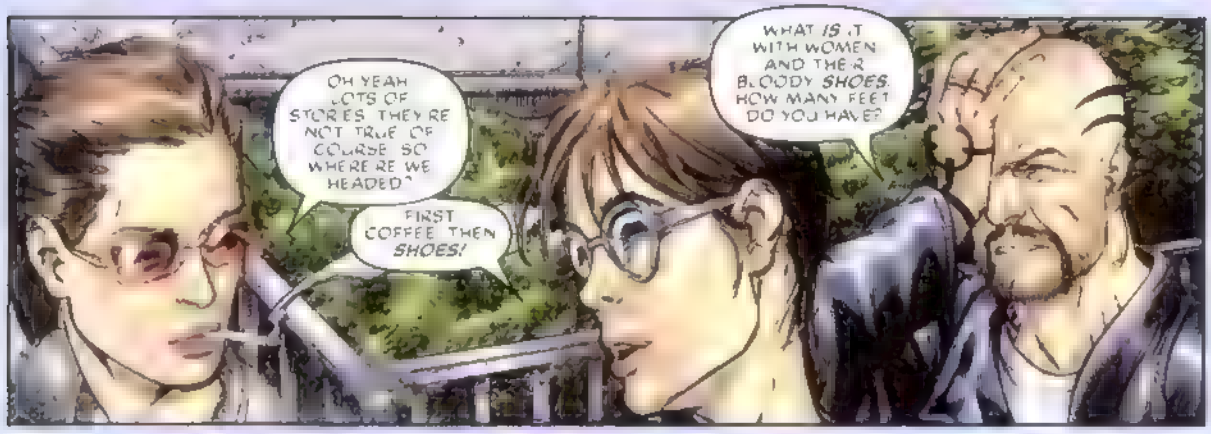
MIND THE LEATHER PLEASE
EXCUSE ME FOR SAYING, SIR, BUT WE'RE ATTRACTING A CROWD
THOU SHALT BUGGER OFF!
I ADMIT I HAD MY DOUBTS, BUT I DARE SAY I'M STARTING TO LOVE THIS TOWN
YOU THERE! TAKE ME ON A TOUR OF THIS MAD CITY. I WANT TO SEE WHAT IT HAS TO OFFER!
YES, SIR
DON'T WORRY, MY DOVE. YOU'LL LEARN TO LOVE ME IN GOOD TIME. EVERYONE DOES.


YAWNE
GOOD LORD. WHAT'S ALL THIS?
SOME CLEVER BASTARD SNUCK IN WHILE I WAS SLEEPING, STOLE MY APARTMENT AND REPLACED IT WITH A DUNG HEAP.
AND WHAT IS THAT AWFUL, AWFUL NOISE? I DON'T BELIEVE I OWN A CHAINSAW.
NOPE NOT ONDINE.
AH. PUG. I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
ZZZZZZZZZZZ
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE HAS A HANGOVER
PISS OFF! NO ONE'S TALKING TO YOU.
QUITE A MESS DOWNSTAIRS. TAKE YOU ALL MORNING TO CLEAN IT UP
PROBABLY
BEST GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY, THEN
I SHOULD I REALLY SHOULD.
YES, BUT KNOWING YOU, YOU'LL PUT IT OFF TO DO SOMETHING FRIVOLOUS, LIKE SHOPPING OR...
SHOPPING! WHAT A LOVELY IDEA THANK YOU
SHOPPING IT IS!

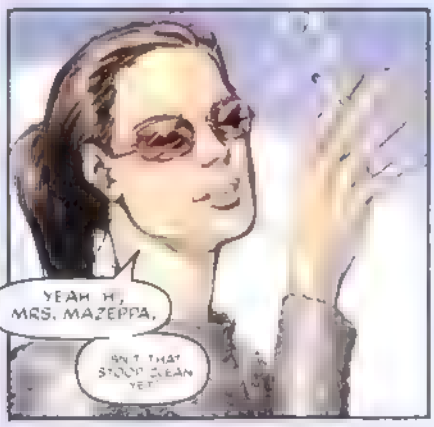
SO WHAT WAS ALL THAT NONSENSE LAST NIGHT?
WHAT?
YOU GOING ON ABOUT WANTING A SOUL
OH I DON'T KNOW I GUESS I HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK JUST A SILLY THOUGHT

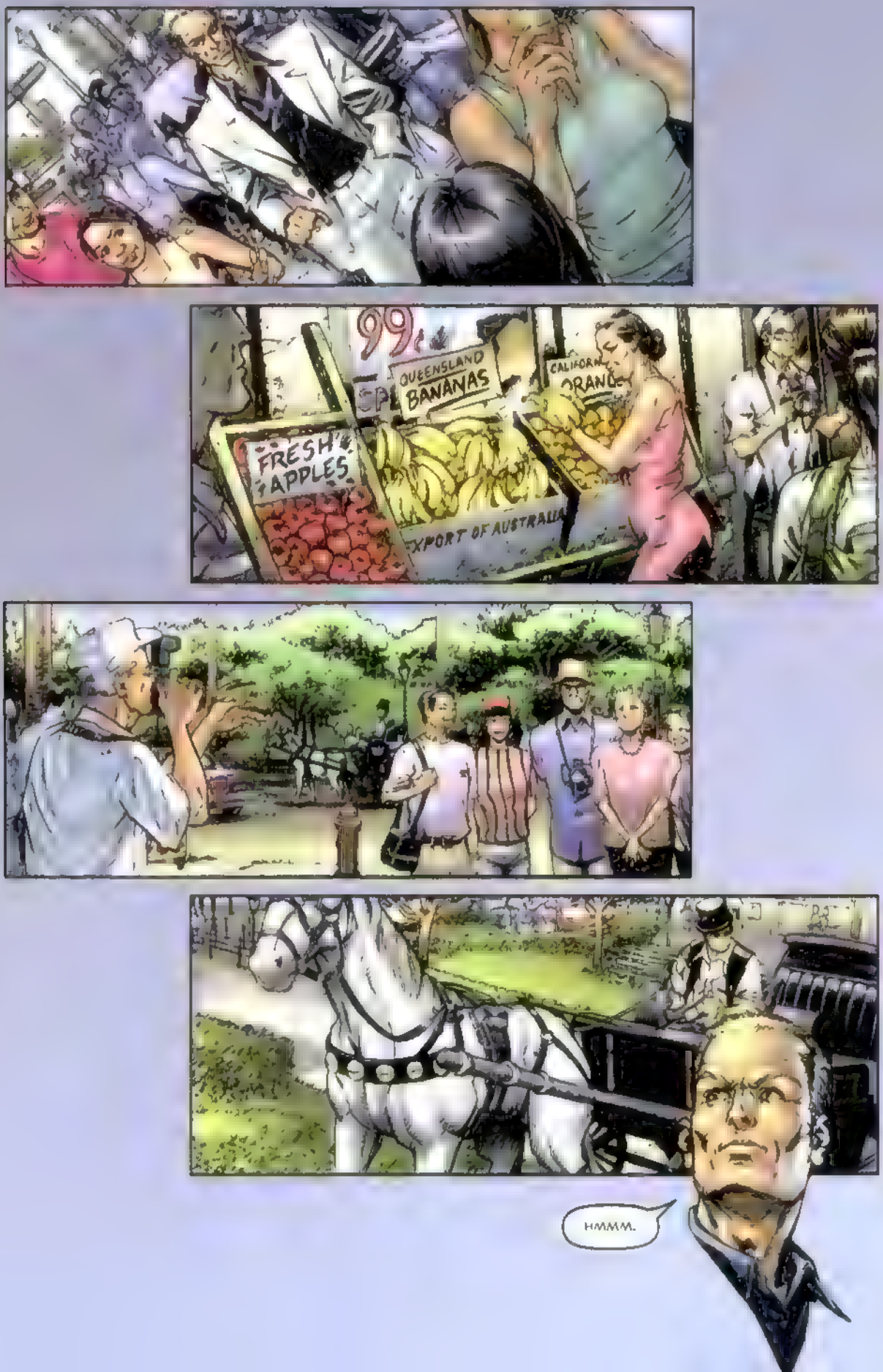

TOO RIGHT MIGHT AS WELL WISH FOR FINS AND A TAIL WHILE YOU'RE AT IT
VERY FUNNY

YOU KNOW, THERE'S STORIES ABOUT MERMAIDS, WATER SPRITES ETC WHO MARRY MORTALS TO GAIN A HUMAN SOUL
REALLY?


OH YEAH LOTS OF STORIES THEY'RE NOT TRUE OF COURSE SO WHERE'RE WE HEADED?
FIRST COFFEE THEN SHOES!
WHAT IS IT WITH WOMEN AND THEIR BLOODY SHOES. HOW MANY FEET DO YOU HAVE?

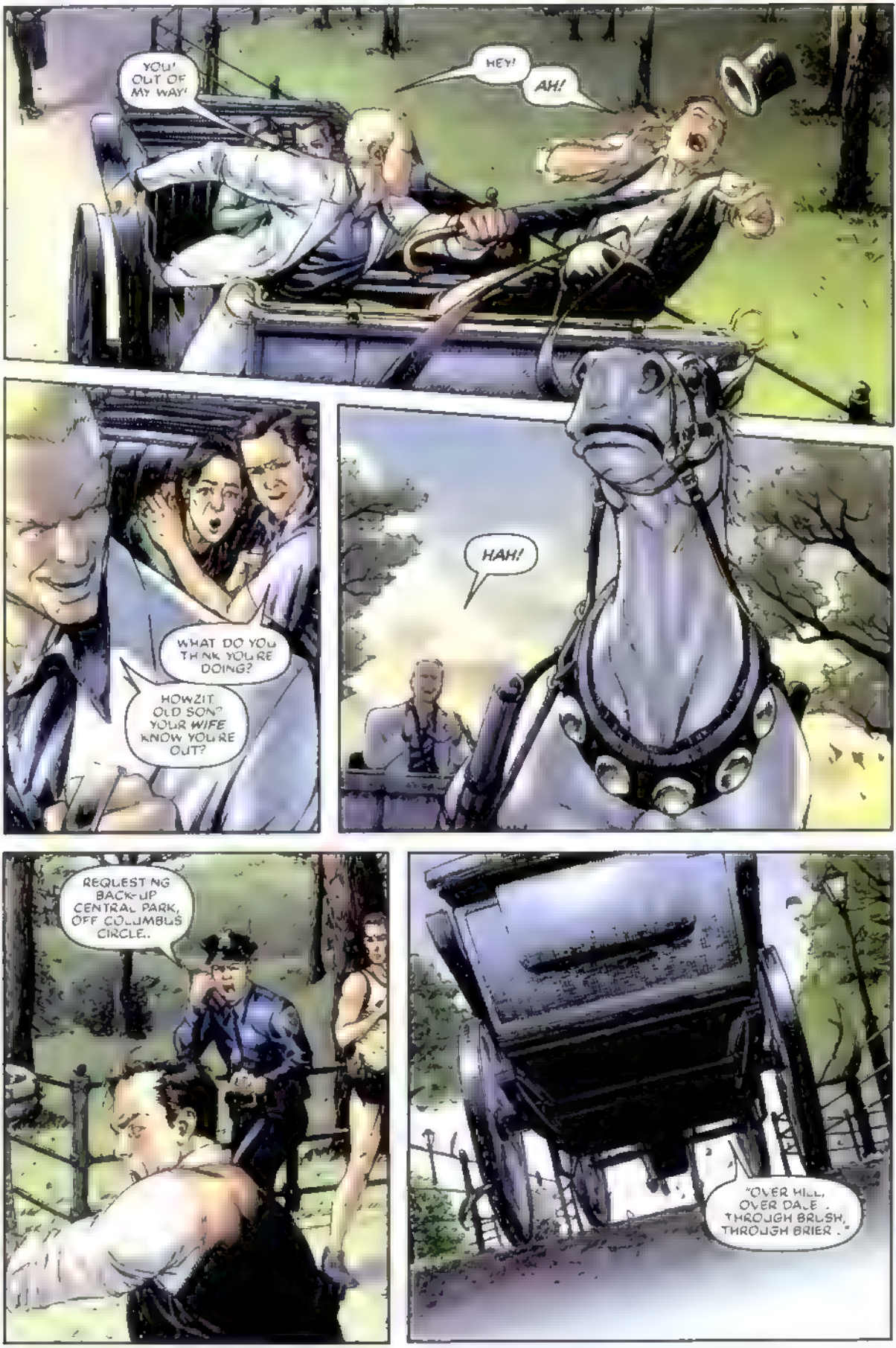
GOOD MORNING, DEAR NICE PARTY, WAS IT?


YEAH HI, MRS. MAZEPPA.
ISN'T THAT STOOP CLEAN YET


99¢
QUEENSLAND
BANANAS
FRESH
APPLES
EXPORT OF AUSTRALIA
HMMM.

LET'S UPSET THE APPLE CART...
HEY!
AND SEE WHICH WAY THE APPLES GO A-ROLLING
WHOA!
LOOK OUT!
UHN!
GAH!
...?

I THINK I'VE EARNED THIS..
YOU! I SAW THAT! GET BACK HERE!
DEAR ME THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY
GOOD OFFICER I DO HOPE I HAVEN'T VIOLATED ANY OF THE LOCAL ORDINANCES. IF I HAVE, WELL..
...PISS OFF!
HA-HA!

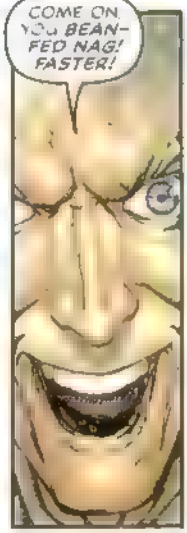

YOU! OUT OF MY WAY!
HEY!
AH!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
HOWZIT OLD SON? YOUR WIFE KNOW YOU'RE OUT?
HAH!
REQUESTING BACK-UP CENTRAL PARK, OFF COLUMBUS CIRCLE.
"OVER HILL, OVER DALE, THROUGH BRUSH, THROUGH BRIER."

HEY!
"OVER PARK, OVER PLACE..."
SON OF A BITCH!
THROUGH FLOOD, THROUGH FIRE...
"I DO WANDER EVERY-WHERE..."
"SWIFTER THAN THE MOON'S SPHERE!"
HO HO!
AAAAH!

K LDARE WHY ARE WE IN A TOY STORE? THERE AREN T ANY SHOES N A TOY STORE
THEY RE NOT TOYS. WOMAN THEY RE BLOODY COLLECTABLES. MILITARY REPLICAS.
OF COURSE THEY ARE, PJG. WE RE JUST GO NG TO POP INTO THE BOUTIQUE ACROSS THE STREET
SUIT YOURSELF.
NOW LISTEN, FR END. I DON T MEAN TO TELL YOU YOUR TRADE. BUT I KNOW A TH NG OR TWO ABOUT NAPOLEONICS.
START W TH THE BAYONETTE. IT S ALL WRONG AND LOOK AT THE EPAULETS . NOT CE ANYTH NG M SS NG?
MMM YES. ARE YOU POSS BLY GOING TO BUY ANYTHING TODAY, SIR?
WHAT S THAT NOISE?
I DON T KNOW SOMETH NG S GO NG ON OVER BY THE PARK...

WHAT THE HELL?

MANIAC!


COME ON YOU BEAN-FED NAG! FASTER!

FREEZE!

I SAID FREEZE!
WHAT? ME?
PLACE YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD! NOW!
HANDS UP! NOW!
FREEZE!
GUN!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE RUCKUS?
I DON'T KNOW I CAN'T SEE!
Micky-B's
OH MY GOD. IT CAN'T BE..
BLOODY HELL HIM!
NO..
GOODFELLOW!
"THOU SPEAK'ST ARIGHT! I AM THAT MERRY WANDERER OF THE NIGHT..."

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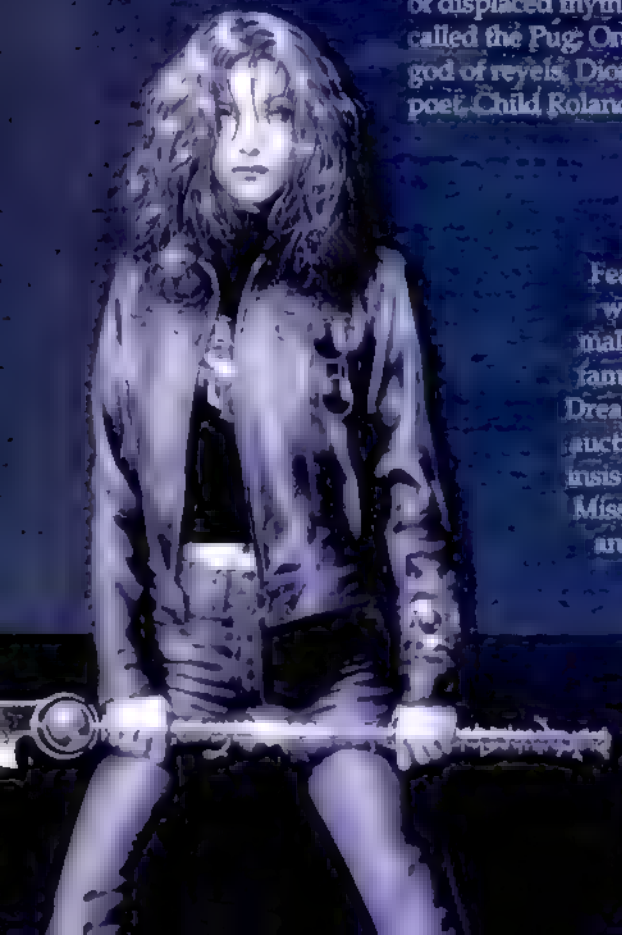

Last Issue:

At a dinner party celebrating the Celtic Feast of Imbolg, Ondine muses about what it would be like to have soul. Meanwhile, the malevolent trickster called Goodfellow — made famous in Shakespeare's A Midsummer's Night Dream — arrives in town and attends an exclusive auction. He purchases a mysterious painting and insists the curator, Mr. Capris, throw his assistant Miss Porter into the bargain. Later, Kildare, Pug and Ondine run into Goodfellow while he is being pursued by police.

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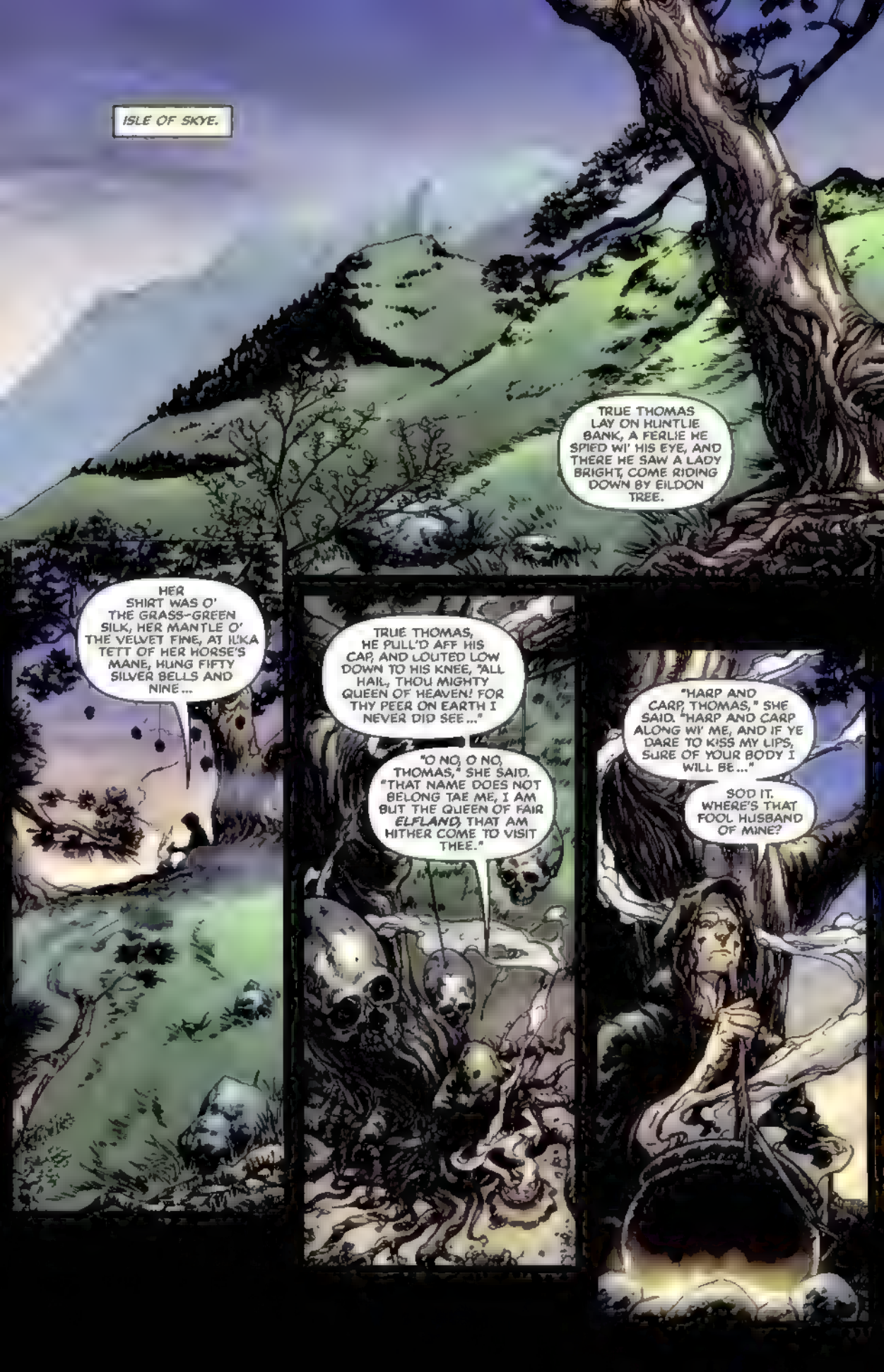

ISLE OF SKYE.
TRUE THOMAS LAY ON HUNTLIE BANK, A FERLIE HE SPIED WI' HIS EYE, AND THERE HE SAW A LADY BRIGHT, COME RIDING DOWN BY EILDON TREE.
HER SHIRT WAS O' THE GRASS-GREEN SILK, HER MANTLE O' THE VELVET FINE, AT ILKA TETT OF HER HORSE'S MANE, HUNG FIFTY SILVER BELLS AND NINE...
TRUE THOMAS, HE PULL'D AFF HIS CAP, AND LOUTED LOW DOWN TO HIS KNEE, "ALL HAIL, THOU MIGHTY QUEEN OF HEAVEN! FOR THY PEER ON EARTH I NEVER DID SEE..."
"O NO, O NO, THOMAS," SHE SAID. "THAT NAME DOES NOT BELONG TAE ME, I AM BUT THE QUEEN OF FAIR ELFLAND, THAT AM HITHER COME TO VISIT THEE."
"HARP AND CARP, THOMAS," SHE SAID. "HARP AND CARP ALONG WI' ME, AND IF YE DARE TO KISS MY LIPS, SURE OF YOUR BODY I WILL BE..."
SOD IT. WHERE'S THAT FOOL HUSBAND OF MINE?

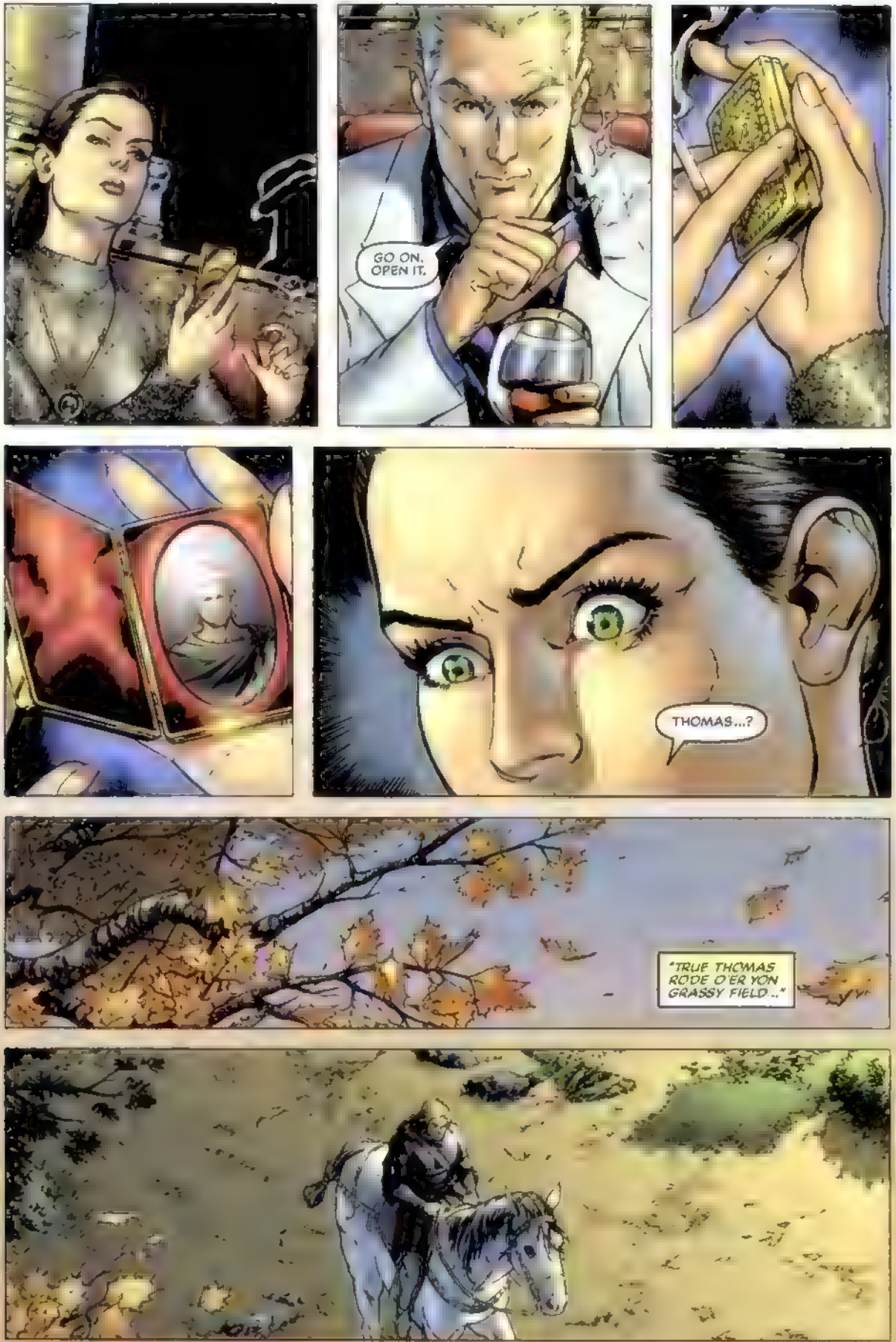
HERE! HERE! MY DEAR. SO SORRY I'M LATE.
AND HAVE YOU BRUNG ANYTHING FOR SUPPER?
AYE. NOT MUCH, BUT IT'LL MAKE A MOUTHFUL. SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL. BLEAK TIMES THESE ARE.
→SIGH← MY MOTHER WARNED ME, DIDN'T SHE?
WARNED ME NOT TO RUN OFF WIV THE LIKES OF YOU.
BUT DID I LISTEN? COURSE NOT. TOO PROUD, I WAS. DAMN FOOL KID WIV STARS IN HER EYES.
HUSH DON'T TALK LIKE THAT.
THIS ISN'T HOW I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.
THIS ISN'T HOW IT WAS IN THE *FAIRY STORIES.*
I NEVER LIED TO YOU, MY SWEET. I TOLD YOU FROM THE START IT WOULD BE A STONY ROAD IF YOU MARRIED ME.
TIMES ARE HARD AND THEY MAY GET HARDER. BUT I STILL LOVE YOU, MY PET. THAT YOU CAN COUNT ON.
LOVE WON'T SWELL MY BELLY, WILL IT NOW?
THUMP THUMP
HAH!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE HIDING?

WH-WHO?
I SEEK THAT VAIN AND VEXSOME VILLAIN CALLED *ROBIN GOODFELLOW.*

NEW YORK.
Dion's
WELL, THEN... OUT WITH IT.
THAT GRINNING JACKASS SITTING ACROSS FROM ME IS CALLED GOODFELLOW. SOME CALL HIM PUCK, BUT RARELY TO HIS FACE. NOT UNLESS THEY WANT THEIR LUNGS TORN FROM THEIR CHEST.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY CITY?
YOUR CITY, IS IT? I DIDN'T KNOW. I MUST ADMIT, IT HAS ITS CHARMS.
WE LIKE IT HERE. AND WE TRY NOT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES. NOT LIKE THAT STUNT YOU PULLED WITH THE POLICE...
LISTEN TO YOU, KILDARE. YOU'VE GROWN TOO CIVILIZED. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT THOSE SHAVED APES THINK? THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD SOON ENOUGH.
YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR THOSE POOR, SAD MORTALS. THEY'LL BE YOUR DOWNFALL. MARK MY WORDS.
PERHAPS. BUT NOT TODAY.
I CAN'T BEGIN TO GUESS WHAT HIS GAME IS. BUT WHATEVER IT IS, I'M CERTAIN I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE IT.

HERE YOU GO.
CHEERS.
THANK YOU, DION.
DION? SO, YOU'RE THE FAMOUS *DIONYSUS*. "GOD OF REVELS." EH? FUNNY. YOU LOOK MORE LIKE AN OLD QUEEN TO ME.
AND YOU'RE THE LITTLE SHIT THEY CALL PUCK. I SUGGEST YOU MIND YOUR MANNERS WHEN YOU'RE IN MY BAR, BOY. BREAK YOU OVER MY KNEE, IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL.
FAIR ENOUGH, DAD. JUST TAKING THE P SS.
NO ONE'S HEARD FROM YOU IN QUITE SOME TIME, GOODFELLOW. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
HIDING FROM SOMETHING, ARE YOU?
NO. YOU KNOW ME. MERRY WANDERER OF THE NIGHT JUST FOLLOW NG WHEREVER MY *WHIM* MAY LEAD ME.
ANY GUESS WHEN YOUR WHIM MIGHT LEAD YOU ON OUT OF HERE?
NOT THAT WE AREN'T A.L THR LLED TO SEE YOU, MIND.
AND HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT HERE, PUGNACIOUS? OLD SOLDIER LIKE YOU, SLAUGHTER ANYONE TODAY?
DAY'S STILL YOUNG, SN T IT?
HAHA! YOU WARM MY HEART, ALL OF YOU!

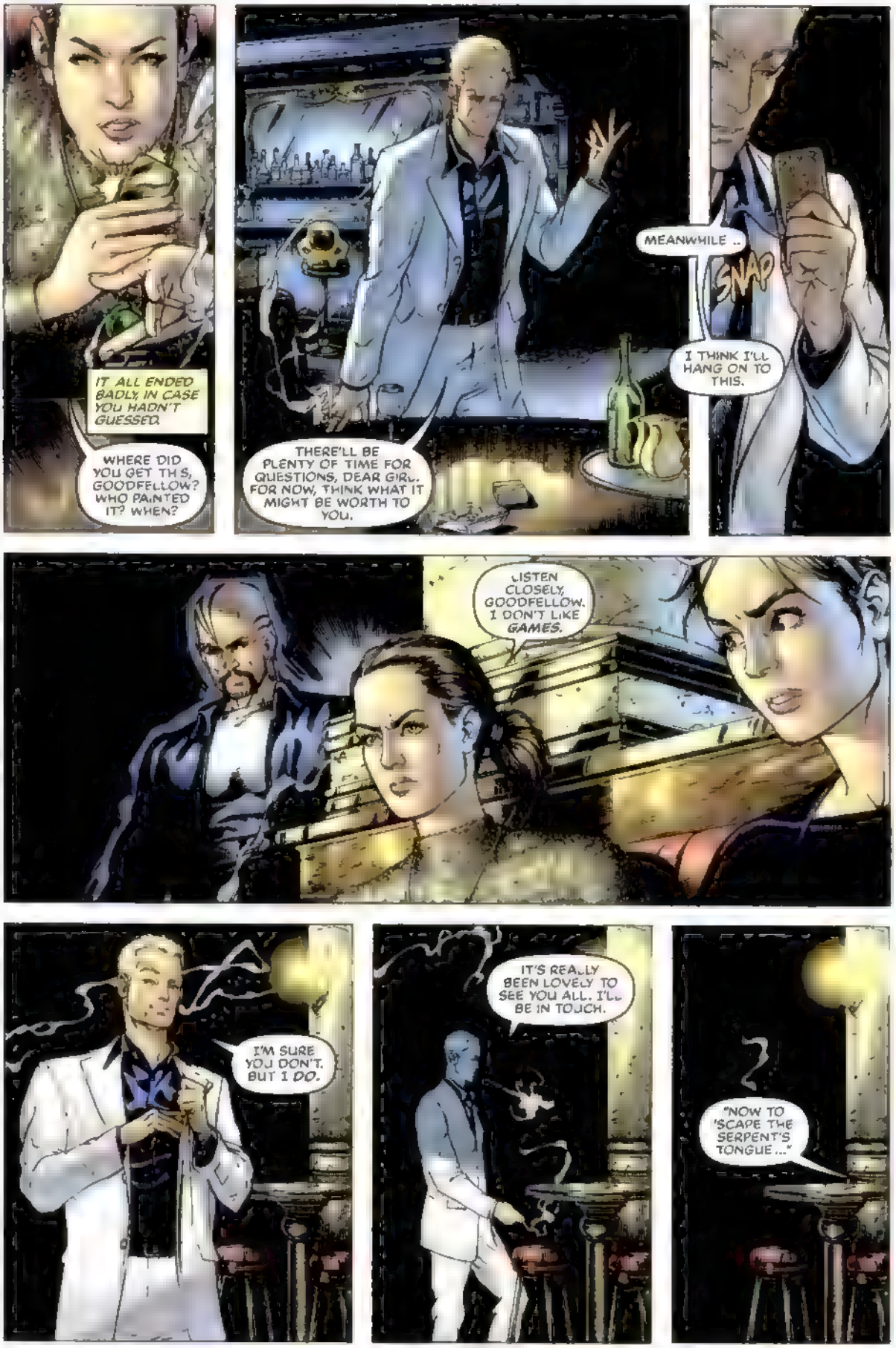
YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD US WHAT YOU WANT. AND DON'T GIVE ME THAT BOLLOCKS ABOUT CHASING WHIMS.
DEAR ME. FOUND OUT. YOU'RE JUST TOO CLEVER FOR ME.
WHAT DO I WANT? WHAT DO I WANT?
SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU I HAVE SOMETHING *YOU* MIGHT WANT?
EXCUSE ME?
A LITTLE SOMETHING I STUMBLED ACROSS IN MY VARIOUS TRAVELS.
A MERE TRINKET BUT I IMAGINE IT HAS A CERTAIN... *SENTIMENTAL* VALUE.


GO ON. OPEN IT.
THOMAS...?
"TRUE THOMAS RODE O'ER YON GRASSY FIELD.."

FORGET THE NURSERY RHYMES AND FOLK BALLADS. THIS IS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED...
A WAYWARD KNIGHT, SET OFF HIS COURSE BY MISFORTUNE.
BALLS.
SOMETHING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION. SOMETHING ON THE ROSE-SCENTED WIND.
A GENTLE, TINKLING SOUND. LIKE DISTANT BELLS. THE SOUND STARS MAKE WHEN THEY COLLIDE

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM TO RESIST. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE.
POOR SOUL NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.
WHAT IS IT BOY? WHAT'S SPOOKING YOU?
COME ON!
MOVE!
STUBBORN BEAST. PLEASE YOURSELF.

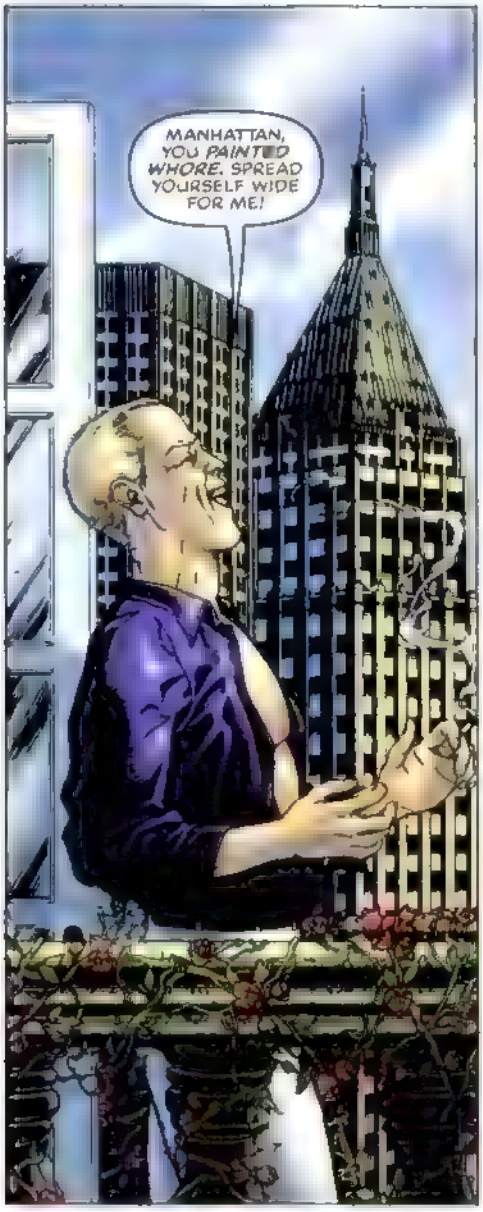
BY MY SOUL...
WE WERE YOUNG. BOTH OF US.
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL...


IT ALL ENDED BADLY, IN CASE YOU HADN'T GUESSED.
WHERE DID YOU GET TH S, GOODFELLOW? WHO PAINTED IT? WHEN?
THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR QUESTIONS, DEAR GIRL. FOR NOW, THINK WHAT IT MIGHT BE WORTH TO YOU.
MEANWHILE ..
SNAP
I THINK I'LL HANG ON TO THIS.
LISTEN CLOSELY, GOODFELLOW. I DON'T LIKE GAMES.
I'M SURE YOU DON'T. BUT I DO.
IT'S REALLY BEEN LOVELY TO SEE YOU ALL. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
"NOW TO 'SCAPE THE SERPENT'S TONGUE ..."

YOU ALL RIGHT, KID?
KILDARE ...?
WELL ... HE WAS A BIT OF A PRICK, WASN'T HE?
DON'T LET THE BASTARD GET TO YOU. HE'S JUST PULLIN' YOUR CHAIN.
I'M SURE PUG'S RIGHT. FORGET IT. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. PUT IT OUT OF YOUR MIND.
I REALLY DON'T SEE THAT HAPPENING.

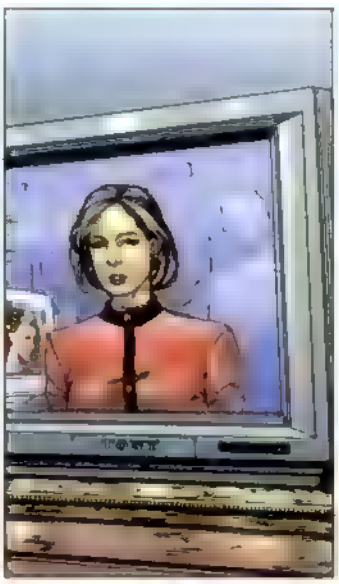
LAKE DISTRICT, ENGLAND.
thump
THUMP
RISE...
RISE!
WHO DARES?

WHO DARES TO SHAKE OUR GLASSY SKY AND WAKE US FROM OUR WATERY SLUMBER?
WHO...
I SEEK THE ONE CALLED GOODFELLOW. WHERE IS HE?


MANHATTAN, YOU PAINTED WHORE. SPREAD YOURSELF WIDE FOR ME!

I THINK I COULD LOVE IT HERE.
MISS PORTER, YOU SWEET, DARLING, USELESS TART... COME DANCE WITH ME.
YES, SIR.

START SPREADING THE NEWS I'M LEAVING TO-DAAAY.

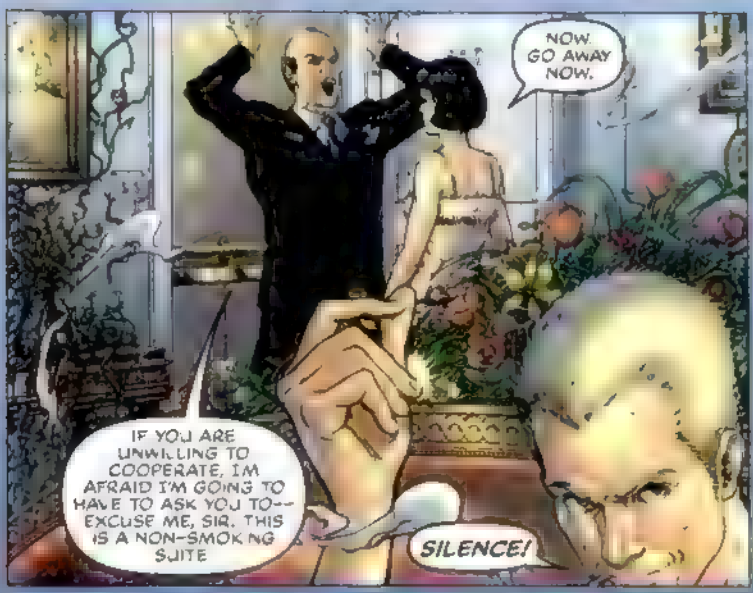


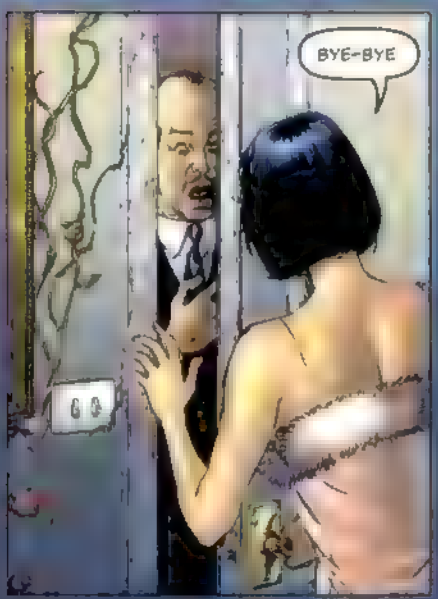
WELL NOW...

FETCH ME THE PHONE, MY BRAIN-DEAD DARLING.
OF COURSE, SIR
*****
NOW . WATCH.
THIS IS GARRET BROCK WITH BREAKING NEWS. JUST MOMENTS AGO, THE DOW JONES, S&P AND NASDAQ INDICES ALL SUFFERED SIMULTANEOUS, CATASTROPHIC GALLS IN ACROSS-THE-BOARD TRADING.
WALL STREET INSIDERS ARE AT AN ABSOLUTE LOSS AS TO WHAT IS BEHIND THIS SUDDEN REVERSAL. EARLIER TRADING HAS BEEN BRISK, PARTICULARLY ON THE DOW...
HAHA! TAKE THAT YOU BLOODY SAVAGES.
I'M GETTING A KNACK FOR THIS PLACE
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

EXCUSE ME I AM MR LEIGH, THE MANAGER OF THIS HOTEL.
GO AWAY.
WE'VE HAD SEVERAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT NOISE, AND REPORTS OF...*ITEMS* BEING THROWN FROM THE BALCONY.

GO AWAY.
MA'AM, WHILE WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE, THERE IS A CERTAIN LEVEL OF DECORUM WE EXPECT..


NOW. GO AWAY NOW.
IF YOU ARE UNWILLING TO COOPERATE, I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO-- EXCUSE ME, SIR. THIS IS A NON-SMOKING SUITE
SILENCE!


BYE-BYE

LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE IS ON. I FEEL LIKE STARTING A *WAR*.

SOUTH LONDON, ENGLAND.
DFT PNK
WHEN IS THIS BLASTED RAIN GOING TO END?
END? YOU KNOW FULL WELL WHEN T'S GOING TO END. NOW PASS THE BOTTLE, DEARIE.
THERE'S A GOOD GIRL.

WHEN THE BATTLE'S LOST AND WON...WHEN THE HURLY-BURLY'S DONE...
STOP THAT. YOU'RE GIVING US A HEADACHE.
FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR... HOVER THROUGH THE FOG AND FILTHY AIR...
PLEEAH! POXY SWILL.
LOOK IN THE FIRE. WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* I SEE?
SAME THING THAT *YOU* SEE, SILLY COW.
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE HIDING?
EH? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

TELL ME! WHERE IS GOODFELLOW?
LOOK HERE, SONNY JIM. DON'T COME 'ROUND AND SPEAK TO US LIKE THAT WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
'COURSE WE KNOW WHERE HE IS. OUR BUSINESS TO KNOW.
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW, YOU BETTER SHOW SOME RESPECT.
AYE.. AND IT'S GOING TO COST YOU.
I'M SORRY.. I SEEK A BOON, KIND LADIES.
NAME YOUR PRICE.

IT'S JUST A PICTURE. I DON'T KNOW WHY IT'S AFFECTING ME LIKE THIS.
PROBABLY BECAUSE I KNOW GOODFELLOW MUST HAVE MORE UP HIS SLEEVE.
AND BECAUSE I KNOW I HANDLED IT ALL VERY BADLY.
HELLO, DARLING. HOW ARE YOU THIS EVENING?
OH HI, MRS. MAZEPPA.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK TROUBLED.
LOST IN THOUGHT, I GUESS.
WELL, REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU. IT'S A GOOD LIFE. ALL OF IT.
EVEN THE HARD PARTS. EVEN THE WORST PARTS. DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT.
I REALLY MISS IT SOMETIMES.
JUST REMEMBER THAT, OKAY?
I'LL TRY.

I WAS JUST A DUMB KID. WHAT THE HELL DID I KNOW?
I PURSUED HIM LIKE A TROPHY A LITTLE PLAY THING TO PASS THE TIME.
BROUGHT HIM BACK HOME WITH ME. BACK TO A STRANGE WORLD WHERE HE COULD NEVER FIT IN.
AFTER A WHILE, I FORGOT ABOUT HIM. MOVED ON TO OTHER TOYS. FICKLE YOUTH.
BUT HE NEVER FORGOT. HE WAITED. HE HAD GIVEN HIS WORD AND THAT MEANT SOMETHING TO HIM. TRUE THOMAS. MY STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER.
THERE WAS A REUNION, MUCH LATER. TEARS OF JOY, TEARS OF REGRET.
AND THEN IT ALL FELL APART. ASHES ON A SANDY BEACH.
LOOK AT THEM. THEY HAVE NO IDEA.
IT'S SUCH AN EASY THING TO SAY, "I'LL LOVE YOU FOREVER." YOU SAY IT NOT BECAUSE IT'S TRUE, BUT BECAUSE YOU WANT IT TO BE TRUE
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW. FOREVER'S JUST A BLINK OF AN EYE TO THEM.
All is Fair in Love
ONE SHOW ONLY!
IN THE END, IT ALL TURNS TO DUST EVERY TIME THE SAME.
CAREN'S
ONE FINAL BACKWARD GLANCE... SOMEONE PLEADING, "PLEASE DON'T GO..."

BUT IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT. MAYBE ONDINE WAS RIGHT. MAYBE WE'RE THE ONE'S THAT ARE DEFECTIVE.
HOW CAN YOU FIND A SOUL MATE WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A SOUL?
SHIT. I SOUND LIKE ALLY McBEAL.
REMIND ME TO KILL MYSELF LATER.
HELLO?

WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S GOODFELLOW?
TO BE CONTINUED...

INFERNO
HWY
image
3
$2.95
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
ARIA
The Soul Market

ARIA

The Soul Market

written by
Brian Holguin

art by
David Yardin
Roy Martinez

letters by
Dreamer Design

created by
Brian Holguin
& Brian Haberlin

colors by
Bart
Raymund Lee

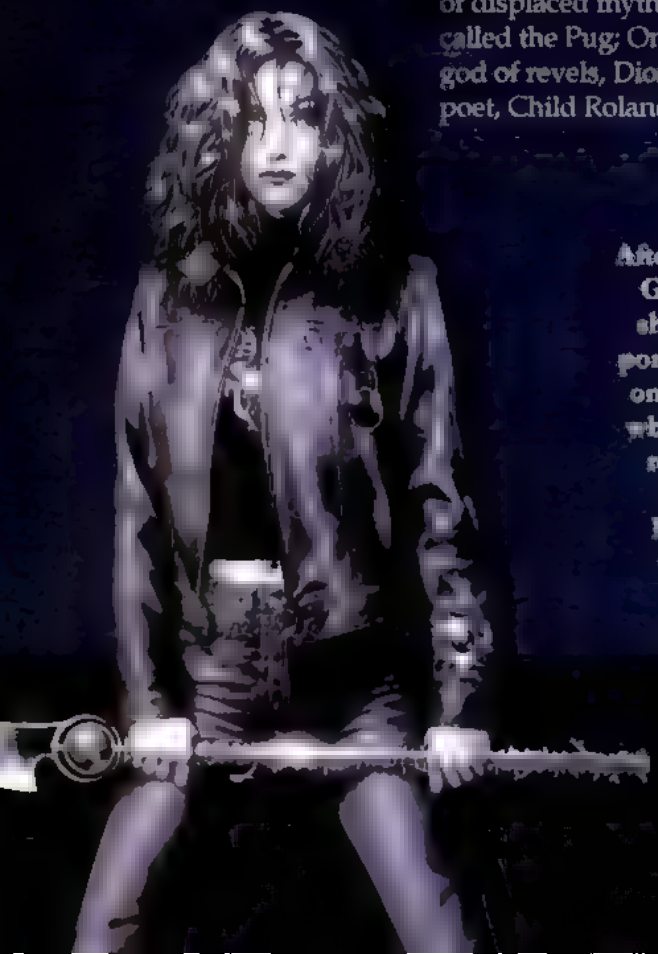
cover by
Jay Anacleto

Somewhere around the corner, just beyond the edge of perception, lies a world you never dreamed existed...

A world where creatures of ancient myth and gods long thought dead walk unnoticed along the crowded streets of Manhattan. Where every shadow holds a secret and every secret has a price. Where danger and wonder can be found at any turn, if you only know where to look.

Welcome to the world of ARIA

Lady Kildare, a 900-year-old Faerie Princess living in modern day New York, serves as the unofficial matriarch of a small group of displaced mythic beings. Among them are the dwarven warrior called the Pug; Ondine, an itinerant water sprite; the semiretired god of revels, Dion; and the half-Faerie, half-mortal street poet, Child Roland.



Last Issue:

After arriving in New York, the mischievous Goodfellow piques Kildare's interest by showing her a small cameo containing a portrait of Thomas, a wayward knight who once was Kildare's lover. Unable to guess what game Goodfellow is playing, Kildare reminisces about her relationship with Thomas and the bad way it ended. Meanwhile, a mysterious Black Night travels the world seeking Goodfellow, swearing revenge.

ARIA: The Soul Market Vol. 1, #3. July 2001. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 N. Batavia St. Ste. A Orange, CA 92867. $2.95 US/$4.63 Canada. ARIA: The Soul Market its logo and all related characters are trademark and copyright Brian Haberlin and Brian Holguin 2001. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted without the express written consent of Brian Haberlin or Brian Holguin. PRINTED IN CANADA.

WHERE IS GOODFELLOW?
EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE DAYS THAT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE ...?

GOODFELLOW
AYE THE KNAVISH SPRITE HAS DONE ME GREAT ILL I HAVE IT ON KIND AUTHORITY THAT HE IS HERE
YOU KNOW THE SORT IT STARTS IN THE MORNING WITH A BLOODY BAD HANG-OVER AND EMPTY BOTTLES ALL OVER YOUR FLAT
HE SHALL PAY FOR HIS MISCHIEF AND WOE TO ANY WHO STANDS IN MY WAY
FOLLOWED BY AN UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM SOMEONE YOU REALLY HAVE NO DESIRE TO SEE SEGUES INTO A MANIC EPISODE OF GUILT AND SELF-PITY...
AND IS TOPPED OFF BY A LUDICROUSLY HUGE ARMORED KNIGHT STANDING IN AN ALLEY OFF MULBERRY STREET, THREATENING YOU WITH BODILY HARM
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS HE'S HERE IN THE CITY OR WAS HE COMES AND GOES A LOT HE'S A RATHER SNEAKY BASTARD I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD
DO NOT MOCK ME
OKAY NO MOCKING
YOU WILL FIND HIM FOR ME
OR

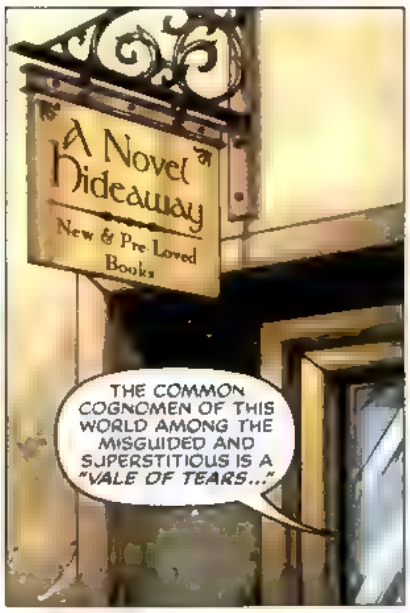
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THIS IS ONE OF THOSE DAYS.
OR, I WILL...I WILL DO *SOMETHING* VERY *HORRIBLE* TO YOU THAT WILL HURT YOU A *LOT* AND YOU WILL BE VERY, *VERY SORRY.*
BUT THEN AGAIN...
IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IN 900 ODD YEARS...
IT'S THAT THINGS ARE RARELY AS THEY APPEAR.
I SHALL GIVE YOU TO THE COUNT OF *THREE.*
ONE...
TWO...
GET THAT BLOODY SWORD OUT OF MY FACE BEFORE I SLAP YOU
NOW THEN...

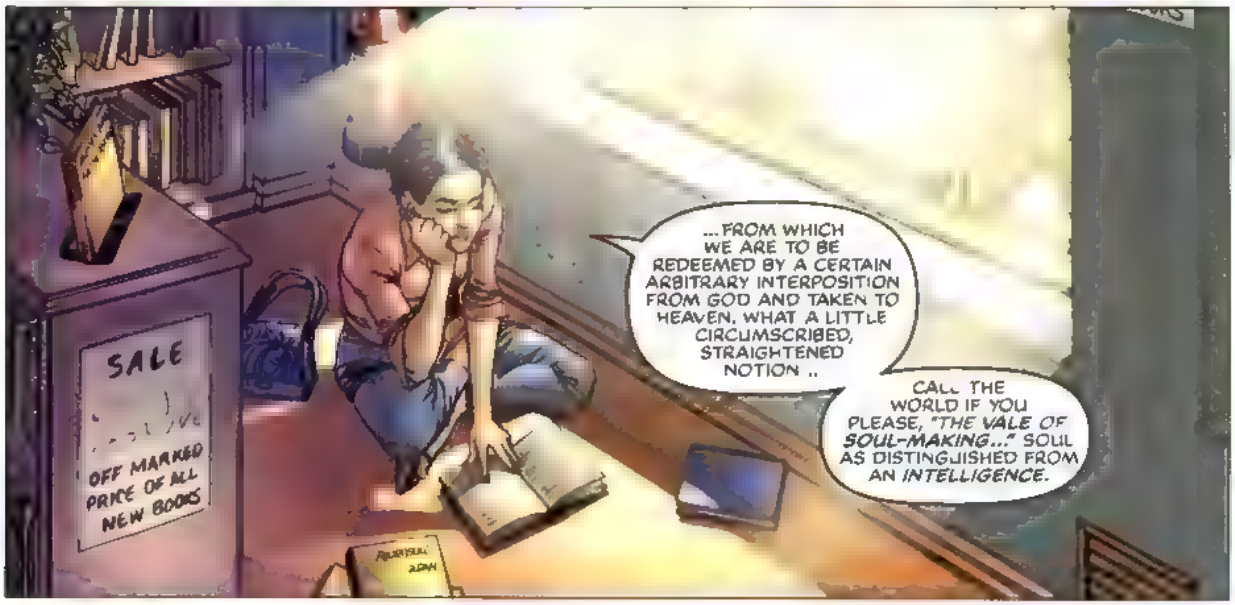
GIVE ME THE KNIFE
I'M SORRY
YOU SHOULD BE THAT WAS A VERY RUDE AND STUPID STUNT YOU PULLED.
SO.. WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

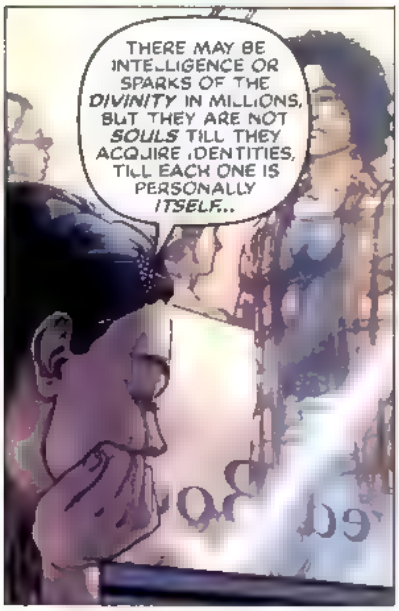
WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK
WELL DONE, MISS PORTER WELL DONE INDEED.
THANK YOU MR GOODFELLOW
NOW, LET'S GO OVER THE RULES. TAKE THIS DOWN: ALL BIDDERS SHALL BE GIVEN A UNIQUE NAME AND/OR SYMBOL TO REPRESENT THEM. NO TRUE NAMES.
YES, SIR
SIMILARLY, ALL ITEMS WILL BE IDENTIFIED BY LOT NUMBER ONLY, NOT BY SUBJECT. ALL BIDS ARE TO BE SEALED.
YES SIR
NO BIDS WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER THE CLOSING BELL HAS RUNG. PAYMENT MUST BE MADE IN FULL; NO CREDIT SHALL BE EXTENDED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE
YES, SIR
ALL SALES ARE, OF COURSE FINAL CAVEAT EMPTOR
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, NO ONE -- AND I MEAN NO ONE -- GETS IN WITHOUT AN INVITATION. ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS.
IF JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF SHOWS UP AND DOESN'T HAVE A LOVELY LITTLE EMBOSSED SLIP OF PAPER IN HIS NAIL-SCARRED PALM...
...IT'S "PISS OFF, SONNY-JIM, BACK ON THE CROSS WITH YOU" UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR INVITATIONS ONLY

NOW, ISN'T THIS A GLORIOUS SIGHT?
BRINGS A TEAR TO YOUR EYE, DOESN'T IT?

GREENWICH VILLAGE, MANHATTAN


A Novel Hideaway
New & Pre-Loved Books
THE COMMON COGNOMEN OF THIS WORLD AMONG THE MISGUIDED AND SUPERSTITIOUS IS A "VALE OF TEARS..."


SALE
OFF MARKED PRICE OF ALL NEW BOOKS
...FROM WHICH WE ARE TO BE REDEEMED BY A CERTAIN ARBITRARY INTERPOSITION FROM GOD AND TAKEN TO HEAVEN. WHAT A LITTLE CIRCUMSCRIBED, STRAIGHTENED NOTION ..
CALL THE WORLD IF YOU PLEASE, "THE VALE OF SOUL-MAKING..." SOUL AS DISTINGUISHED FROM AN INTELLIGENCE.


THERE MAY BE INTELLIGENCE OR SPARKS OF THE DIVINITY IN MILLIONS, BUT THEY ARE NOT SOULS TILL THEY ACQUIRE IDENTITIES, TILL EACH ONE IS PERSONALLY ITSELF..

-SIGH- WHATEVER.

ROLAND!

ONDINE. HI I WAS JUST WALKING BY I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU.
HEY, ROLAND.
SO, WHAT ARE YOU READING? ANYTHING DIRTY?
WHAT? NO. I MEAN. I'M NOT READING. I WAS JUST LOOKING. BROWSING REALLY.
RELAX IT WAS A JOKE
RELIGION & SPIRITUALITY
CHOPRA
RELIGION & SPIRITUALITY
C.S.Lewis Mere Christianity
SAINT TERESA. 'MERE CHRISTIANITY'
THAT'S SOME HEAVY DUTY BROWSING YOU'VE GOT HERE
SORRY
FOR WHAT? NOTHING TO BE EMBARASSED ABOUT
I WAS JUST CURIOUS, I GUESS.

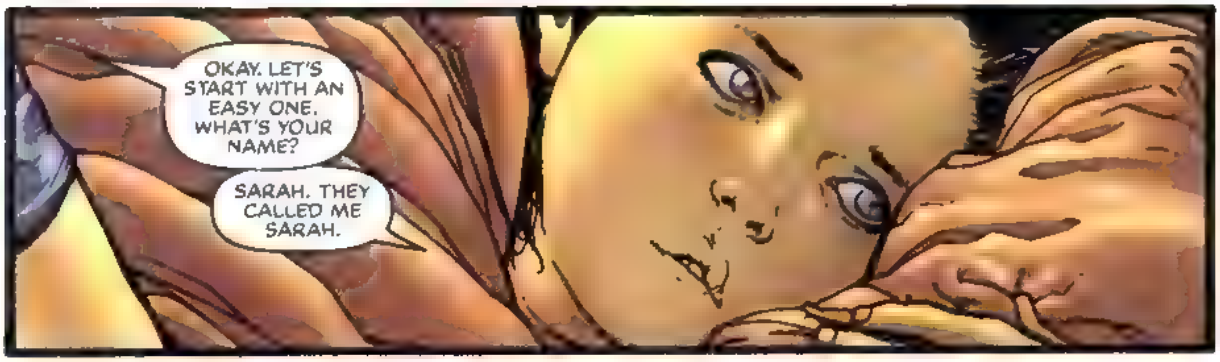
YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT "MERE CHRISTIANITY" MIGHT BE ABOUT THE MER-KIND, YOU KNOW: MERMAIDS, MERMEN IT'S NOT THOUGH
NO, AS IT HAPPENS IT'S NOT.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF SOMETHING CALLED THE "VALE OF SOUL-MAKING?"
YEAH THAT'S KEATS, ISN'T IT?
I THINK SO.
WHAT IS IT WITH THE FAERIE-KIND AND KEATS? KILDARE ALWAYS GIGGLES WHEN SHE READS "LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."
CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING, ROLAND? SERIOUSLY? DO YOU HAVE A SOUL?
HMM. ACTUALLY, THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION. MY FATHER WAS OF FAERIE BLOOD MY MOTHER WAS A ROCKETTE
WHAT DO YOU THINK? ARE SOULS ATTACHED TO THE X- OR Y-CHROMOSOME?
I'M SERIOUS.
I KNOW. TO BE HONEST, I'VE NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I MEAN, IF I HAVE ONE, I HAVE ONE. IF I DON'T WELL, I GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT I'M MISSING.
SEE, THAT'S JUST IT.
LATELY, I FEEL LIKE I HAVE BEEN MISSING OUT ON SOMETHING

HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN ASLEEP?
ALL NIGHT AND ALL MORNING.
I DON'T THINK I LIKE LITTLE GIRLS. THEY'RE ALWAYS CHASING CARS AND BURYING THINGS AND PEEING ON THE CARPET ..
THAT'S *DOGS*, GINNY
OH
ANYWAY, I'M NOT SURE SHE *IS* A LITTLE GIRL. I CAN'T TELL *WHAT* SHE IS.
WELL, SHE'S NOT ONE OF *US*. BUT SHE'S NOT QUITE HUMAN, IS SHE? SHE'S MISSING SOMETHING.
HOW DO YOU THINK SHE GOT HERE?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.

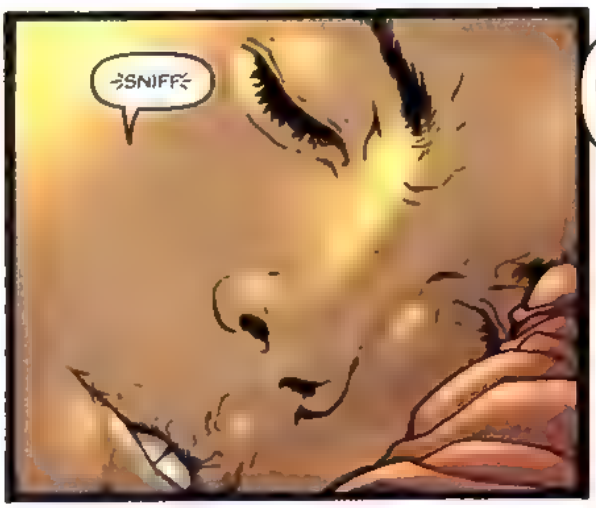
SHE CAME LOOKING FOR GOODFELLOW. SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING IT ON "KIND AUTHORITY".
POOR THING
NO! GO AWAY! YOU WON'T GET ME!
STOP THAT THIS INSTANT BAD DOG!

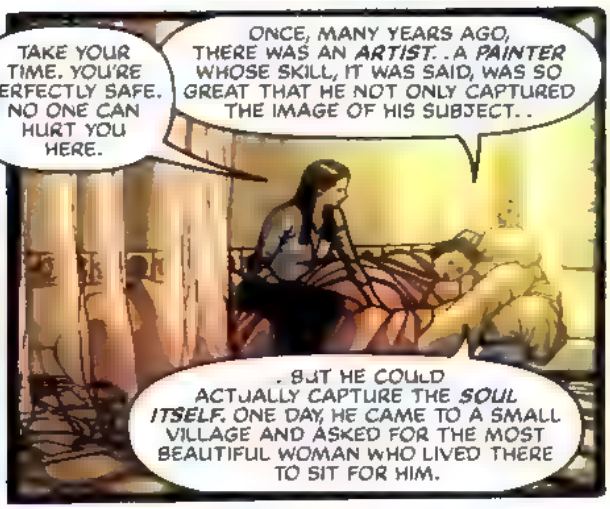
NO! LEAVE ME ALONE.
FINE. BE THAT WAY.
HOLD ON STOP. IT'S OKAY. IT'S -- HONEY, RELAX. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU
HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME. I WON'T LET HIM!
IT'S OKAY. IT'S ME. DO YOU REMEMBER? I BROUGHT YOU HOME LAST NIGHT. MY NAME IS KILDARE. REMEMBER?
OH
AAAAAAH!
PLEASE, STOP CRYING. TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG. I CAN'T HELP YOU UNTIL YOU TELL ME
YOU ASKED FOR GOODFELLOW. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM?
SNIFF HE -- HE STOLE MY SOUL.
AND I MEAN TO HAVE IT BACK.

WELL LOOK AT THAT.
THE CREAM'S CURDLING THAT'S A BAD SIGN
COULD BE COULD JUST MEAN THE CREAM'S GONE
BA-THOOM!
MAYBE NOT!
YAAAH!
menu
menu


OKAY. LET'S START WITH AN EASY ONE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
SARAH. THEY CALLED ME SARAH.

SARAH THAT'S A LOVELY NAME.
NOW, WHY DO YOU THINK GOODFELLOW HAS YOUR SOUL?


~SNIFF~


TAKE YOUR TIME. YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE. NO ONE CAN HURT YOU HERE.
ONCE, MANY YEARS AGO, THERE WAS AN ***ARTIST***. . A ***PAINTER*** WHOSE SKILL, IT WAS SAID, WAS SO GREAT THAT HE NOT ONLY CAPTURED THE IMAGE OF HIS SUBJECT. .
. BUT HE COULD ACTUALLY CAPTURE THE ***SOUL ITSELF***. ONE DAY, HE CAME TO A SMALL VILLAGE AND ASKED FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO LIVED THERE TO SIT FOR HIM.

THE WOMAN HAPPENED TO BE THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER. IN THOSE DAYS, ONLY ROYALTY AND THE VERY WEALTHY HAD THEIR PORTRAITS PAINTED. IT WAS CONSIDERED A GREAT HONOR.

HER NAME WAS MARIE SHE WAS MY MOTHER

STRANGE WEATHER IS COMING. MARK MY WORDS.
WELL, HELLO THERE. AREN'T YOU A HANDSOME DEVIL?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, DEARIE?
WHAT? WELL, THAT'S A STRANGE SORT OF NAME, ISN'T IT?
COME

SUMMER WAS GONE AND THE HEAT DIED DOWN... AND AUTUMN REACHED FOR HER GOLDEN CROWN..
I LOOKED BEHIND AS I HEARD A SIGH.
BUT THIS WAS THE TIME OF NO REPLY.
THAT'S ODD.
HE'S CLOSE! I CAN FEEL HIM!

KA-ROOM!
SARAH!
HE'S VERY CLOSE!

SARAH! COME BACK!

DAMN YOU, GOODFELLOW
UGHN'
GINNY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, WHAT WAS THAT?

SARAH! SARAH!
SHE'S GONE.
The Soul Market
You are invited

OH, GOODNESS. I HAVEN'T BEEN OFF THAT STOOP IN AGES.
WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS? STRANGE WEATHER. I TOLD YOU, DIDN'T I?
YES
INDEED YOU DID.
THIS WIND IS BRINGING SOMETHING. A *CHANGE* IS COMING. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WILL BE?
LET'S BE SURPRISED, SHALL WE?
TO BE CONTINUED...

image
4
ARIA
The Soul Market
HOLGUIN
YARDIN
MARTINEZ

ARIA

The Soul Market

written by
Brian Holguin

art by
David Yardin
Roy Martinez

letters by
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created by
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colors by
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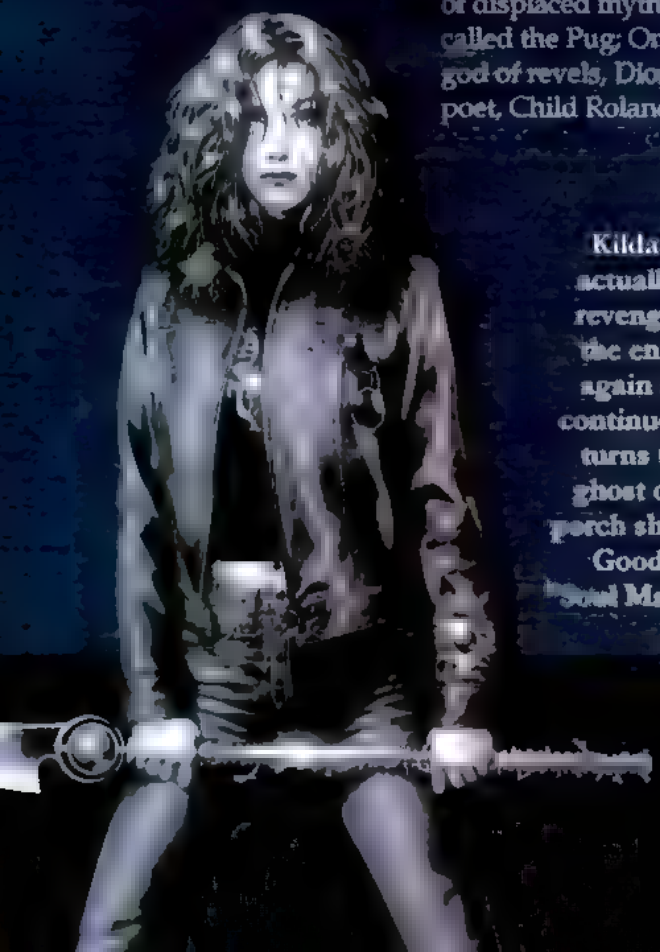


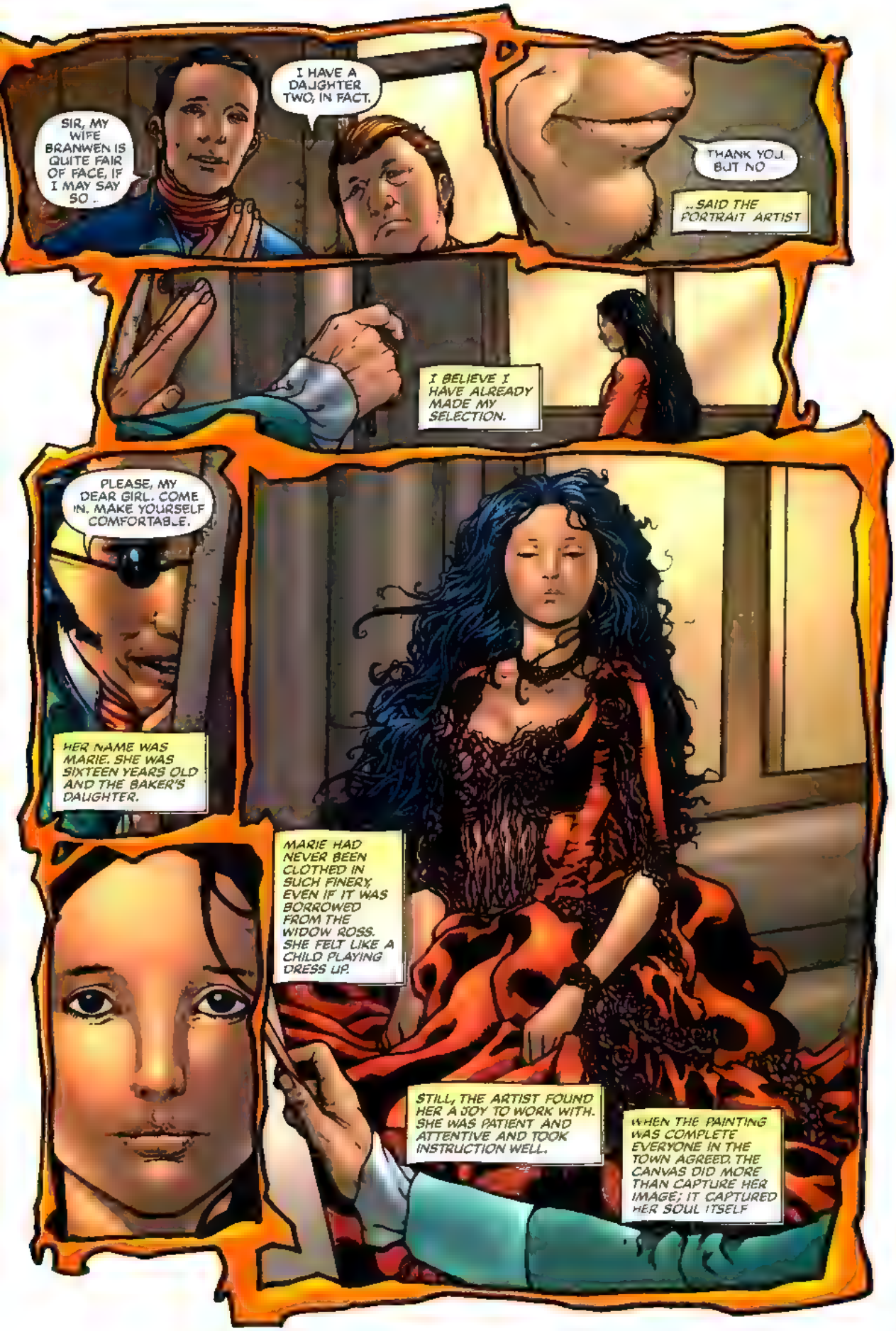
Last Issue:

Kildare learns that the phantom Black Knight is actually a young girl named Sarah, who has sworn revenge on Goodfellow. But before Kildare can get the entire story out of the child, Sarah transforms again and charges out of Kildare's home. Ondine continues to be obsessed with her lack of a soul, and turns to Roland for advice. Ginny notices that the ghost of Mrs. Mazeppa has gone missing from the porch she has been sweeping for the past dozen years. Goodfellow finalizes his plans for his mysterious "Soul Market", leaving an invitation on Kildare's door.

ARIA: The Soul Market Vol. 1, #4, August 2001. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 N. Batavia St. Ste. A Orange, CA 92867. $2.95 US/$4. Canada. ARIA: The Soul Market its logo and all related characters are trademark and copyright Brian Haberlin and Brian Holguin 2001. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted without the express written consent of Brian Haberlin or Brian Holguin. PRINTED IN CANADA.

MANY AND MANY A YEAR AGO...
ON A COOL MORNING IN LATE SUMMER, WHEN THE WIND WAS KIND AND THE GRASS WAS KISSED WITH DEW...
THE PORTRAIT ARTIST CAME DOWN FROM THE WELSH HILLS TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE TOWN BRON-Y-AUR.
IT STRUCK HIM AS A VISION FROM A CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK, A VILLAGE RIGHT OUT OF A FAIRY TALE.
THE PORTRAIT ARTIST SMILED TO HIMSELF.
YES, HE TOLD HIMSELF THIS WILL DO NICELY INDEED

IN THOSE DAYS, STRANGERS WERE A RARE SIGHT. BUT THE GOOD FOLK OF THE VILLAGE WERE FRIENDLY AND WELCOMED HIM WARMLY.
HE TOLD THEM HE WAS A PAINTER AND GAVE THEM HIS NAME, THOUGH NO ONE COULD EVER SEEM TO REMEMBER IT.
HE HAD TRAVELED FROM FAR AND AWAY, LOOKING FOR A SUBJECT FOR HIS NEXT PORTRAIT.
IN HIS TIME HE HAD PAINTED PRINCESSES AND HEROES, SAINTS AND CONQUERORS.
THE PORTRAIT ARTIST MET WITH THE TOWN ELDERS. THEY WERE MOST ACCOMMODATING.
WELCOME, FRIEND. WELCOME. IT IS AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU IN OUR HUMBLE VILLAGE.
HE TOLD THEM WHAT HE CAME FOR AND THEY WERE HAPPY TO OBLIGE.


SIR, MY WIFE BRANWEN IS QUITE FAIR OF FACE, IF I MAY SAY SO...
I HAVE A DAUGHTER TWO, IN FACT.
THANK YOU, BUT NO...
...SAID THE PORTRAIT ARTIST
I BELIEVE I HAVE ALREADY MADE MY SELECTION.
PLEASE, MY DEAR GIRL. COME IN. MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.
HER NAME WAS MARIE. SHE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.
MARIE HAD NEVER BEEN CLOTHED IN SUCH FINERY, EVEN IF IT WAS BORROWED FROM THE WIDOW ROSS. SHE FELT LIKE A CHILD PLAYING DRESS UP.
STILL, THE ARTIST FOUND HER A JOY TO WORK WITH. SHE WAS PATIENT AND ATTENTIVE AND TOOK INSTRUCTION WELL.
WHEN THE PAINTING WAS COMPLETE EVERYONE IN THE TOWN AGREED, THE CANVAS DID MORE THAN CAPTURE HER IMAGE; IT CAPTURED HER SOUL ITSELF

NEW YORK. TODAY.
CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS? HE'S THROWING A BLOODY GARDEN PARTY.
HERE, PUG. TAKE A LOOK.
"THE SOUL MARKET. YOU ARE INVITED."
SO WHAT'S THE GAG? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST. CIRCLES WITHIN CIRCLES. THAT'S HOW HE MOVES.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOMEHOW IT INVOLVES A SEVERELY PISSED-OFF LITTLE GIRL WHO CAN TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO AN ENORMOUS BLACK KNIGHT, AT LEAST ONE OF MY PAST LOVERS.
...AND QUITE POSSIBLY THE GHOST OF THE SWEET OLD LADY WHO HAUNTS THE STOOP ACROSS FROM ME, AND WHO'S RECENTLY GONE MISSING.
I CAN'T GUESS WHAT IT'S ADDING UP TO, BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.

AND WHEN DID I EVER TAKE KINDLY TO BEING MESSED WITH?
'SCUSE ME MISS.
UH-HUH?

COULD I GET ANOTHER CUPPA? IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, MY DEAR.

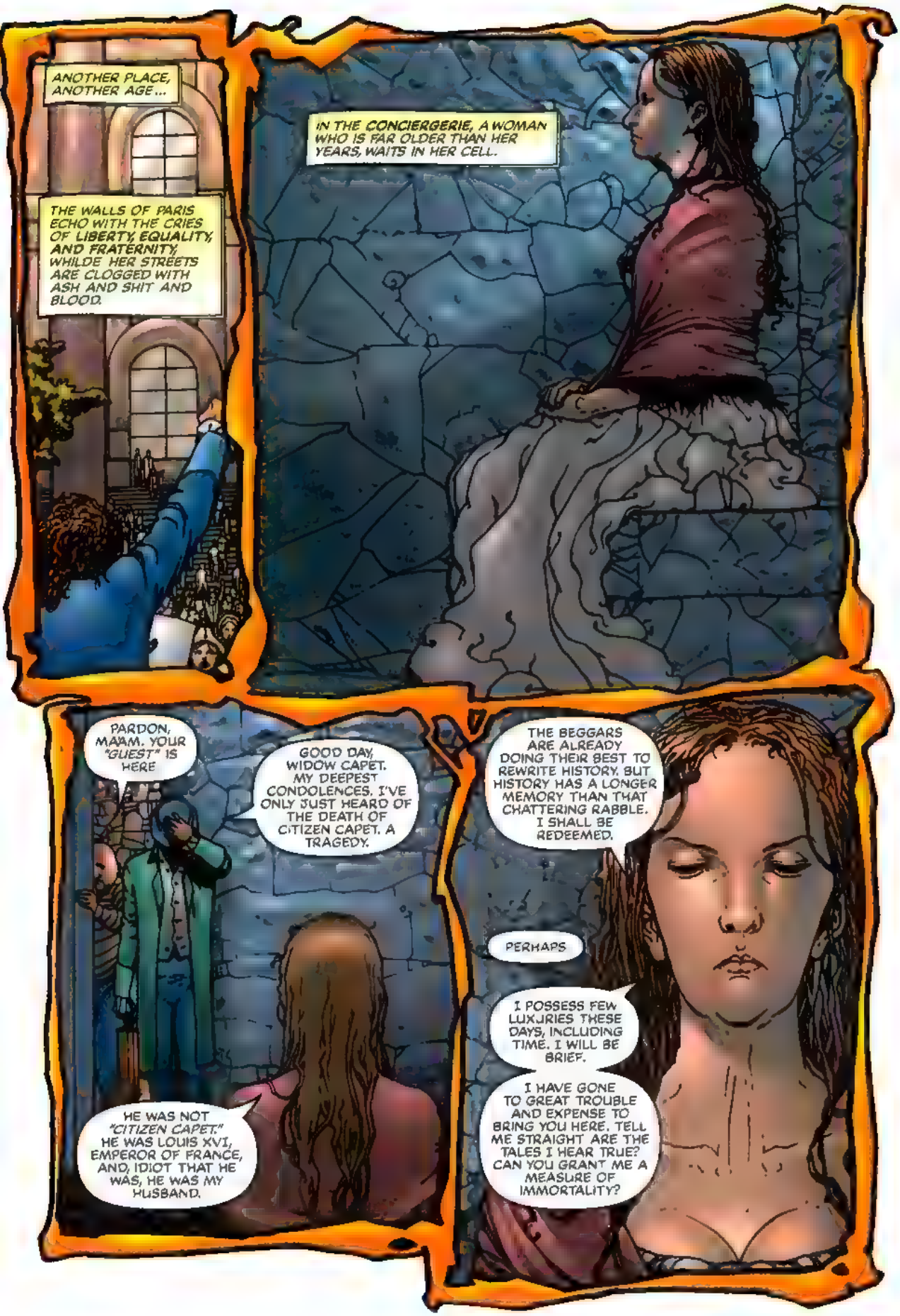
NO PROBLEM
HEY, I LIKE YOUR INK. WHERE'D YOU GET THEM?

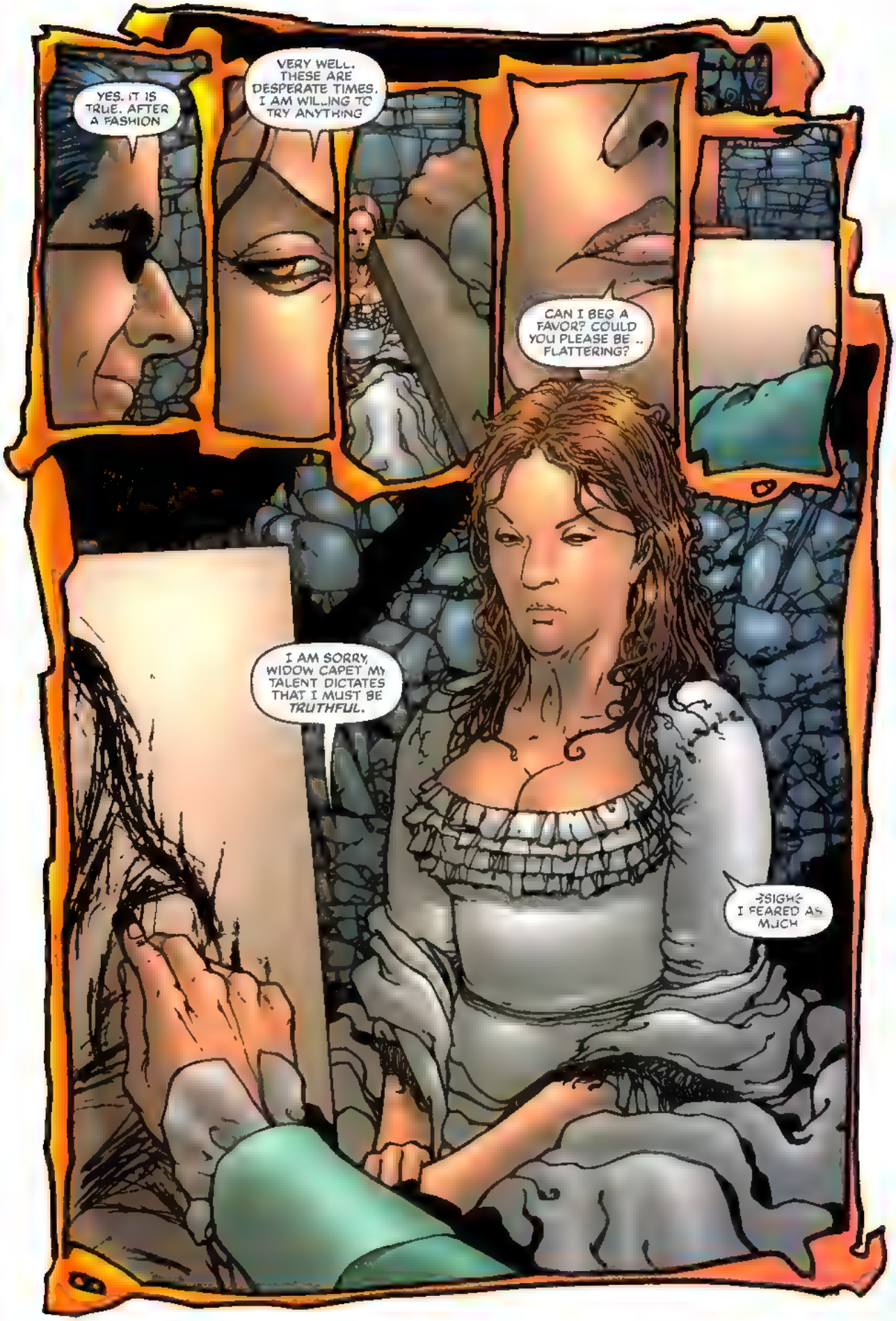
THE TATTOOS? PART OF AN INITIATING RITUAL, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH. EACH ONE IS EARNED AFTER PASSING A PARTICULAR PHYSICAL OR MENTAL TEST.
COOL. SO THEY'RE, LIKE, TRIBAL?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT

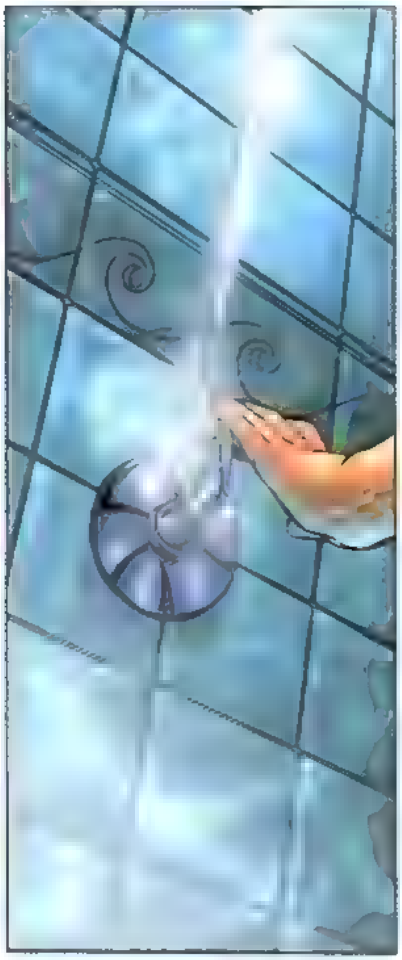
VERY COOL. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
TAKE YOUR TIME, MY SWEET TAKE YOUR TIME.

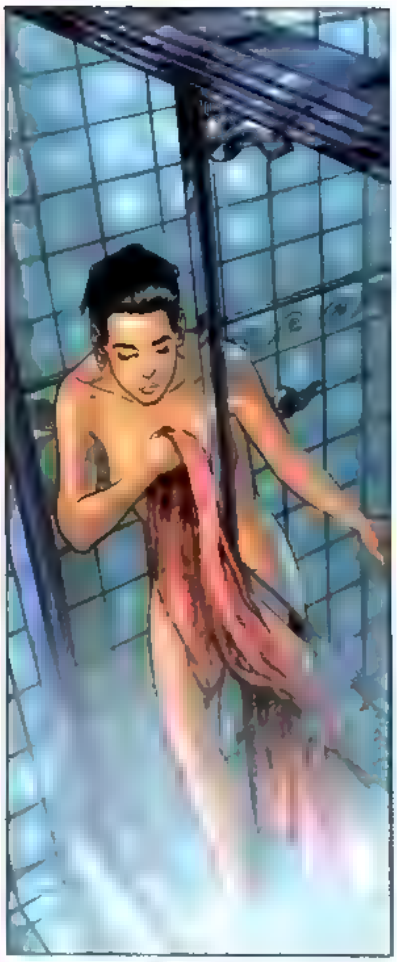
AHEM.
YOU DONE, ROMEO?

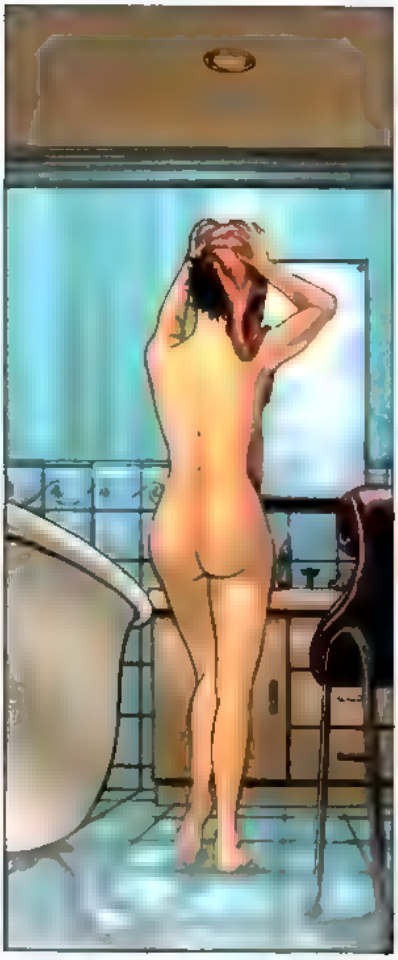
THE STORM IS GATHERING. ANY MOMENT NOW, IT WILL BREAK
IS THERE NO WAY TO STOP IT? IS IT TOO LATE?
OF COURSE IT'S TOO LATE, YOU SILLY COW.
THE GIRL MADE A DEAL IN GOOD CONSCIENCE AND SHE PAID IN FULL. THE FATES ARE SEALED.
BUT SHE'S JUST A *CHILD*. WHAT DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT WHAT SHE WANTS? ABOUT WHAT'S *BEST* FOR HER?
WHAT'S *"BEST"* ISN'T OUR CONCERN. ONLY WHAT *WAS*, WHAT *IS*, AND WHAT *SHALL BE*.
BESIDES, I DID MUCH WORSE THINGS WHEN I WAS A WEE CHILD. SO DID YOU.
TRUE
SO WHEN DO YOU THINK IT WILL START?
SOON ENOUGH

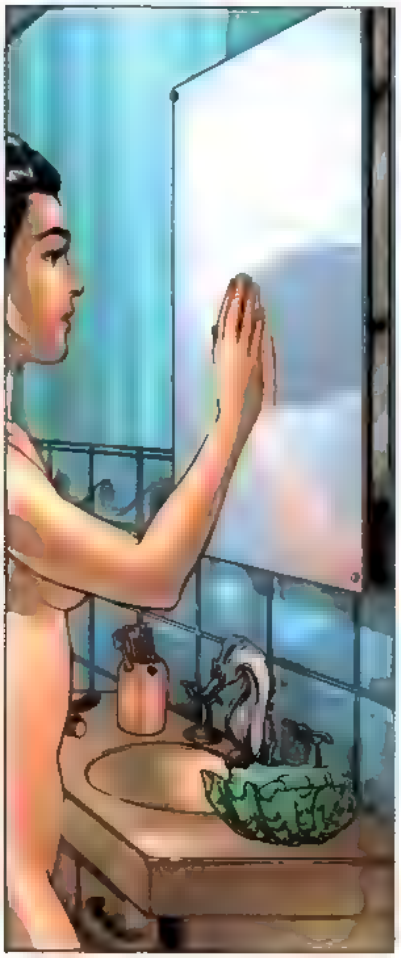

ANOTHER PLACE, ANOTHER AGE...
THE WALLS OF PARIS ECHO WITH THE CRIES OF LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY, WHILDE HER STREETS ARE CLOGGED WITH ASH AND SHIT AND BLOOD.
IN THE CONCIERGERIE, A WOMAN WHO IS FAR OLDER THAN HER YEARS, WAITS IN HER CELL.
PARDON, MA'AM. YOUR "GUEST" IS HERE
GOOD DAY, WIDOW CAPET. MY DEEPEST CONDOLENCES. I'VE ONLY JUST HEARD OF THE DEATH OF CITIZEN CAPET. A TRAGEDY.
HE WAS NOT "CITIZEN CAPET." HE WAS LOUIS XVI, EMPEROR OF FRANCE, AND, IDIOT THAT HE WAS, HE WAS MY HUSBAND.
THE BEGGARS ARE ALREADY DOING THEIR BEST TO REWRITE HISTORY. BUT HISTORY HAS A LONGER MEMORY THAN THAT CHATTERING RABBLE. I SHALL BE REDEEMED.
PERHAPS
I POSSESS FEW LUXURIES THESE DAYS, INCLUDING TIME. I WILL BE BRIEF.
I HAVE GONE TO GREAT TROUBLE AND EXPENSE TO BRING YOU HERE. TELL ME STRAIGHT ARE THE TALES I HEAR TRUE? CAN YOU GRANT ME A MEASURE OF IMMORTALITY?

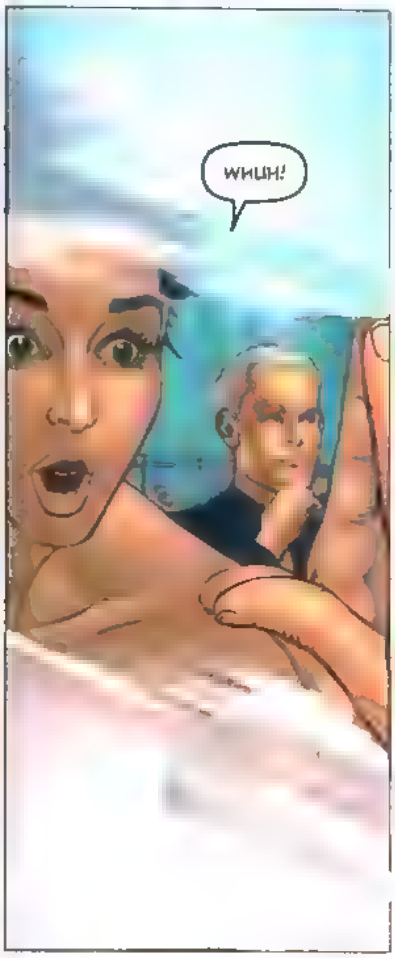

YES. IT IS TRUE. AFTER A FASHION
VERY WELL. THESE ARE DESPERATE TIMES. I AM WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING
CAN I BEG A FAVOR? COULD YOU PLEASE BE .. FLATTERING?
I AM SORRY, WIDOW CAPET MY TALENT DICTATES THAT I MUST BE *TRUTHFUL*.
=SIGH= I FEARED AS MUCH

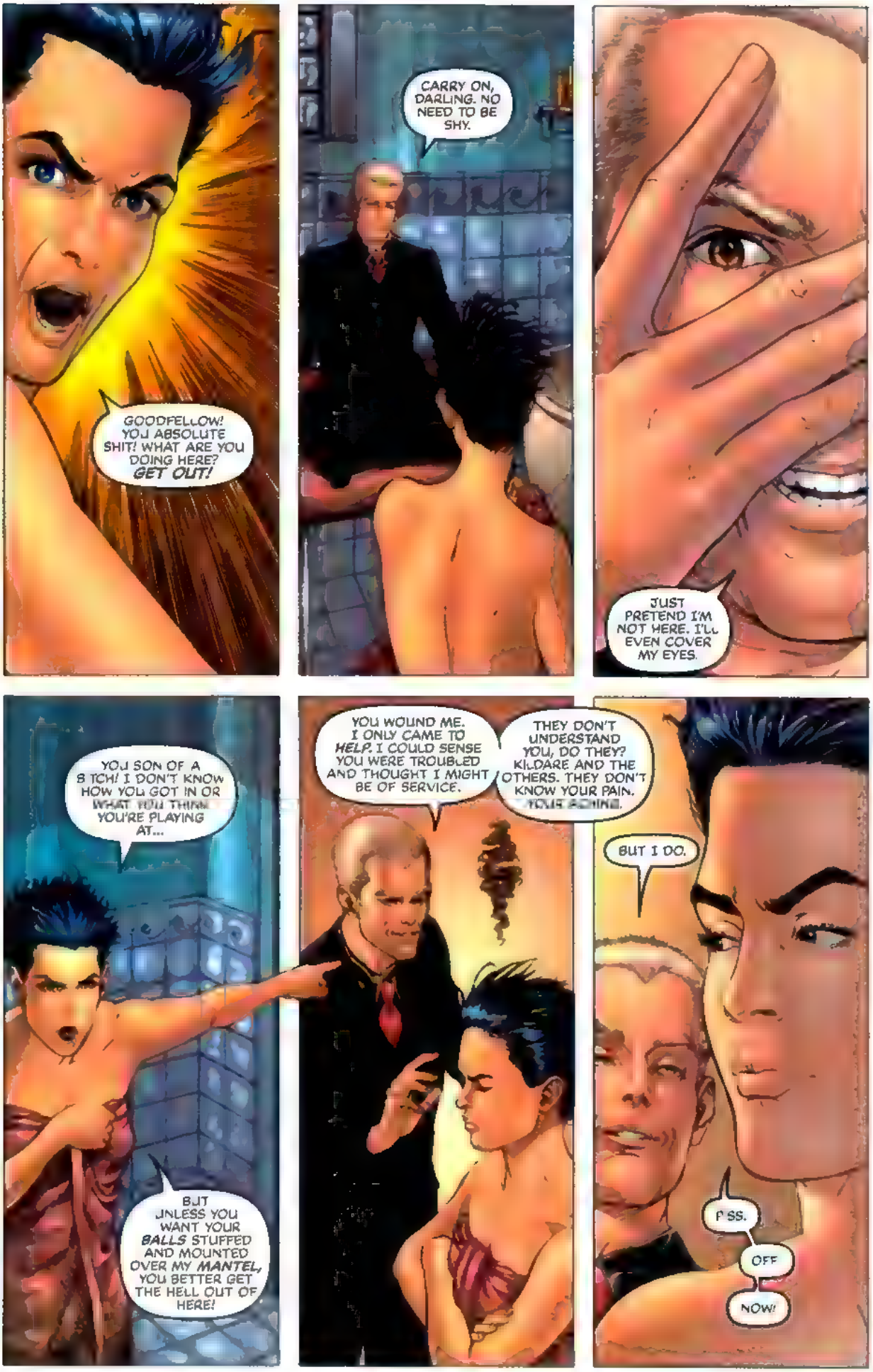






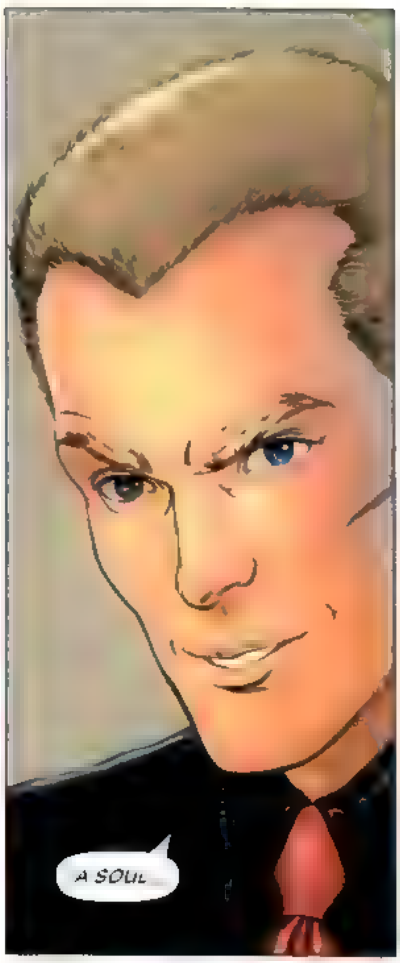


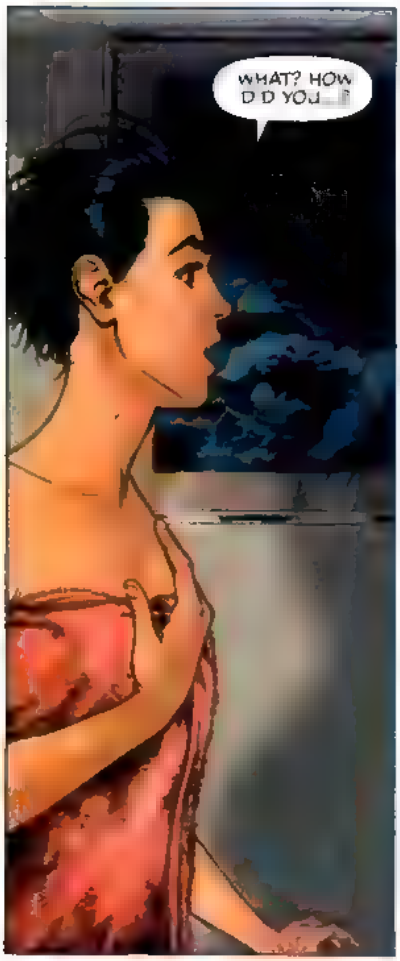

WHUH!


GOODFELLOW! YOU ABSOLUTE SHIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET OUT!
CARRY ON, DARLING. NO NEED TO BE SHY.
JUST PRETEND I'M NOT HERE. I'LL EVEN COVER MY EYES.
YOU SON OF A B*TCH! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT IN OR WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT...
BUT UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BALLS STUFFED AND MOUNTED OVER MY MANTEL, YOU BETTER GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
YOU WOUND ME. I ONLY CAME TO HELP. I COULD SENSE YOU WERE TROUBLED AND THOUGHT I MIGHT BE OF SERVICE.
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, DO THEY? KILDARE AND THE OTHERS. THEY DON'T KNOW YOUR PAIN. YOUR ACHING.
BUT I DO.
P'SS.
OFF
NOW!

FINE. I'M GOING TO FETCH MY PARING KNIFE.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY, ONDINE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SUFFER LIKE THIS. THE EMPTINESS. THE LONGING.
I CAN GET ONE FOR YOU, YOU KNOW. ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN.

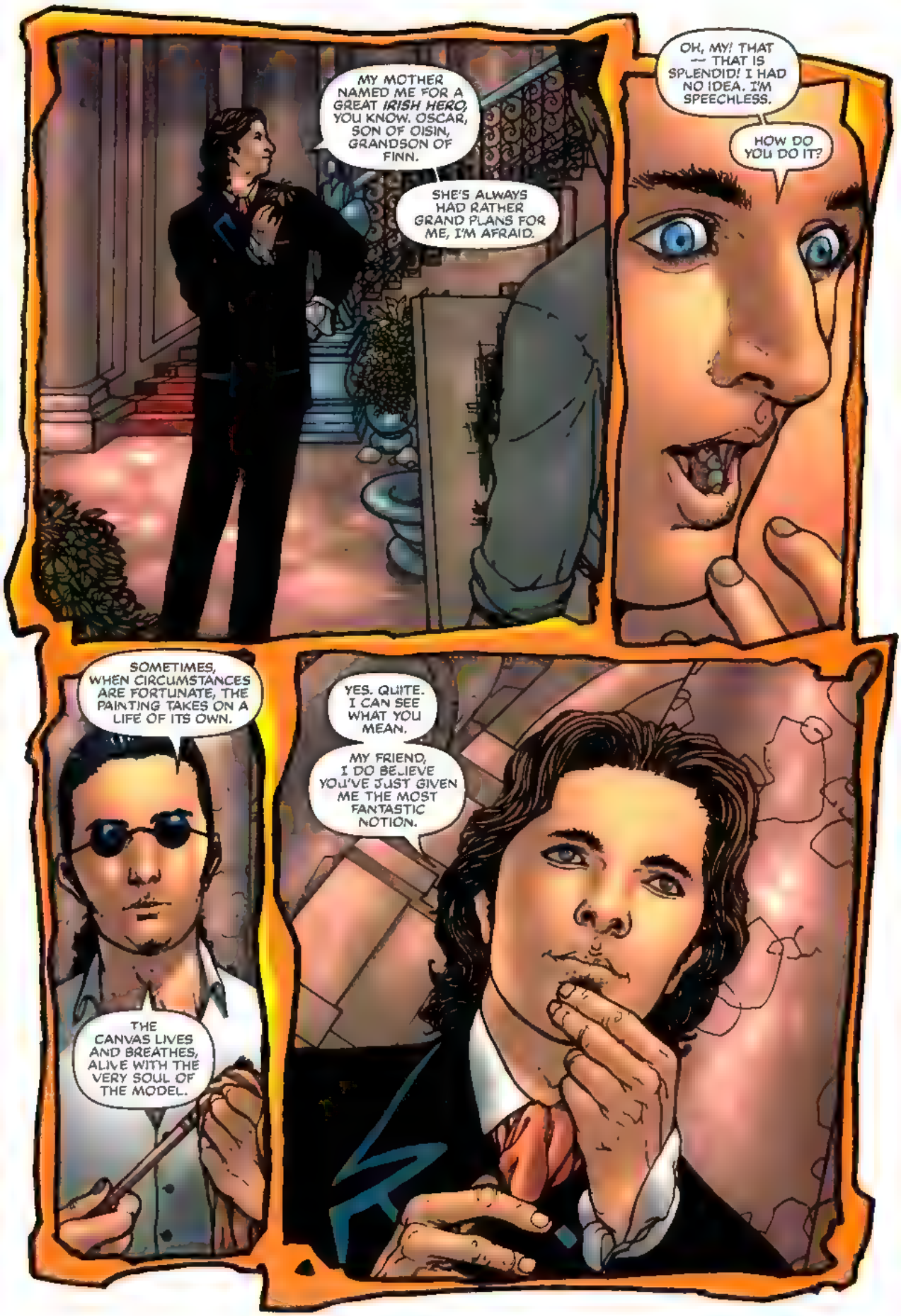

A SOUL


WHAT? HOW DID YOU...?

FOR YOU, MY DEAR

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED
The Soul Market— you are invited

AGAIN AND AGAIN...
DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES...
I FEAR THAT MY LILY IS BEGINNING TO WILT
WE'RE VERY NICELY FINISHED FOR TODAY, MR. WILDE. I'M SURE THE FLOWER WILL SURVIVE
I WASN'T SPEAKING OF THE FLOWER, MY DEAR FELLOW. AND PLEASE, CALL ME OSCAR.


MY MOTHER NAMED ME FOR A GREAT *IRISH HERO*, YOU KNOW. OSCAR, SON OF OISIN, GRANDSON OF FINN.
SHE'S ALWAYS HAD RATHER GRAND PLANS FOR ME, I'M AFRAID.
OH, MY! THAT -- THAT IS SPLENDID! I HAD NO IDEA. I'M SPEECHLESS.
HOW DO YOU DO IT?
SOMETIMES, WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES ARE FORTUNATE, THE PAINTING TAKES ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN.
THE CANVAS LIVES AND BREATHES, ALIVE WITH THE VERY SOUL OF THE MODEL.
YES. QUITE. I CAN SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
MY FRIEND, I DO BELIEVE YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME THE MOST FANTASTIC NOTION.

MANHATTAN. THE PLAZA.
OKAY, LET'S SEE. FLOWERS. CATERING. SECURITY.
TERRIFIC. THE POWER'S GONE.
WHAT ON EARTH? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GET AWA FROM ME
NOOOO!
HELP! HELP!!!

MISS PORTER, I HAVE HAD A MOST SATISFACTORY DAY.
WHAT'S WITH THE LIGHTS?
HELLO? MISS PORTER? PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK ARE WE?
You age next.
YOU. ARE. NEXT.
WELL, THIS IS ALL RATHER INCONVENIENT, ISN'T IT?

WELL, I HATE IT. IT LOOKS LIKE A CHILD'S SCRIBBLINGS TO ME.
HUSH, ABIGAIL. YOU'RE ONLY EXPOSING YOUR IGNORANCE. IT'S MODERN.
I DO FIND MATISSE TO BE MUCH MORE EXPRESSIVE THAN PICASSO.
THAT'S A KLIMT, MY GOOD MAN.
PHILISTINES
GLASS OF WINE, SIR?
ABOUT BLOODY TIME
A TRAGEDY
HMM...

LOOKS LIKE THE DOG'S BOLLOCKS IF YOU ASK ME, FRIEND.
TELL ME.. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THEY'RE. MAGNIFICENT. I'M HEART-BROKEN.
THIS WORLD HAS PASSED ME BY.
TIME MOVES SO FAST THESE DAYS AND MY GIFT HAS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS.
OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT. THERE ARE STILL SOME IN THIS WORLD WITH TASTE AND DISCRETION.
HERE. I COULD DO MUCH WITH A MAN OF YOUR UNIQUE TALENTS.
THANK YOU
IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MR. GOODFELLOW.

OBSCENE AMOUNTS OF ALCOHOL
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
MISSING
HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

GOODFELLOW! YOU BASTARD! YOU BLOOD, BLOODY BASTARD.
YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?! YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME?!
SHIT
OH GOOD.
THOMAS.. OH, THOMAS...
MISSING

DEEP IN THOUGHT, MY LOVE?
I'M JUST A BIT LIGHT-HEADED. LIKE MY FEET DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND.
YOU'VE CHARMED ME AWAY FROM MY LIFE, FROM MY HOME. BROUGHT ME TO THIS LAND OF EVER-SPRING. SHOWN ME THINGS NO MORTAL IS EVER ALLOWED TO SEE.
BUT MY EXPERIENCE IS THAT A WOMAN'S HEART CHANGES LIKE THE SEASONS.
WHAT IS IT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY, SILLY BOY?
I'M WONDERING HOW LONG YOU WILL STAY BY MY SIDE.
MMM... FOREVER
FOREVER IS AN EASY THING TO SAY.
IS IT?
GOODFELLOW, YOU'RE A *DEAD MAN.*

UPSTATE NEW YORK.
UNFORTUNATELY, OUR MISS PORTER IS NO LONGER WITH US.
WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY ON AS BEST WE CAN WITHOUT HER.
SHIFT THAT ONE...
THAT ONE'S CROOKED.. A LITTLE TO THE LEFT.
THERE. THAT'S MUCH BETTER
WELL, YOU HANDSOME DEVIL...
IT'S TIME

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE SOUL MARKET IS NOW OPEN!
TO BE CONTINUED.

ARIA
The Soul Market
Image
5
$2.95
U.S.
HOLGUIN
YARDIN
MEDINA

ARIA

The Soul Market

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cover by
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Somewhere around the corner, just beyond the edge of perception, lies a world you never dreamed existed...

A world where creatures of ancient myth and gods long thought dead walk unnoticed along the crowded streets of Manhattan. Where every shadow holds a secret and every secret has a price. Where danger and wonder can be found at any turn, if you only know where to look.

Welcome to the world of...

ARIA

Lady Kildare, a 900-year-old Faerie Princess living in modern day New York, serves as the unofficial matriarch of a small group of displaced mythic beings. Among them are the dwarven warrior called the Pug; Ondine, an itinerant water sprite; the semiretired god of revels, Dion; and the half-Faerie, half-mortal street poet, Child Roland.

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UPSTATE NEW YORK
LORDS AND LADIES, SQUAWS AND SQUIRES... FINE PATRONS OF THE OBSCURE ARTS... WELCOME!
THE SOUL MARKET IS NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS!
CENTRAL PARK, MANHATTAN.
SNIFF!
YOUR INVITATION, PLEASE THANK YOU
GLORIOUS DAY, ISN'T IT?
LITTLE GIRL, WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU OKAY?
NO.

STEP LIVELY NOW. NO STRAGGLERS.
RIGHT THIS WAY.

HONEY, ARE YOU LOST? WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?
AAAAAAA

HERE, MADAM. TO BETTER VIEW THE EXHIBIT

AAAAAAA
OH MY GOD...

AAAAAAAAA

THA-THOOM!
HAH!
I WOULD SUGGEST YOU FIRST WALK THE ROOM, GET A FEEL FOR THE SELECTION. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE.
NO JOSTLING, PLEASE THIS ISN'T A PERSIAN BAZAAR. FIRST BIDS WILL BE ACCEPTED N ONE HOUR.
AND ONE MORE THING ..

PLEASE... DON'T HANDLE THE MERCHANDISE.

TAKE YOUR TIME PLENTY TO SEE.
JM.. GOODFELLOW
AH! ONDINE! I SEE YOU MADE IT HOW SPLENDID.
ISN'T THIS WONDERFUL? I FEEL LIKE GATSBY!
GOODFELLOW, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE THESE...THESE... THINGS WE'RE LOOKING AT?
WHY, YOUR DEEPEST DESIRE, MY PET. SOULS!
SOULS IN ABUNDANCE EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE AND SENSIBILITY. A PERFECT FIT FOR EVERY FANCY.
SOULS? WHOSE? AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
THEY'RE FOR SALE, OF COURSE.

T'S BEGUN
NO STOPPING IT NOW.
PITY I SUPPOSE. BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?
NOT A BLESSED THING, DEARIE
WELL..
WELL, I SUPPOSE IT S TIME WE GOT STARTED.
S'POSE SO

KRAK-A-KOOM!
WHAT THE HELL?!
OH GOD! WHAT IS THAT?
LOOK OUT!
SKREEEEE!
WHUM!
GOODFELLOW...
GOODFELLOW...

OF COURSE, THAT'S MERELY THE *RETAIL* SECTION. YOU NEEDN'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THAT MOB.
NO, FOR YOUR NEEDS, I'VE PULLED SOMETHING FROM MY *PRIVATE RESERVE*. IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO FOLLOW ME.
FOLLOW. YES. OF COURSE.
YOU SEE, AGES AGO, SOME SILLY LITTLE WELSH LASS SAT FOR A PORTRAIT. LOCAL BEAUTY. BAKER'S DAUGHTER I BELIEVE.
BUT WHAT THE *ARTISTS* DIDN'T KNOW WAS, THE LITTLE SLUT WAS *PREGNANT* AT THE TIME
...SOMETHING CUSTOM MADE FOR YOUR NEEDS, YOU'LL AGREE. A RARE BIT OF LUCK, REALLY.
HE CAPTURED TWO SOULS WITHOUT KNOWING IT. TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. AND ONE STILL FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MINTED.
IMAGINE THAT. A *VIRGIN SOUL*. NEVER USED EVEN *ONCE*.
IF THAT DOESN'T SUIT YOU, THEN I ALSO HAVE A RECENT ACQUISIT ON. USED BUT WELL PRESERVED.

WELL, MY GIRL...WHAT DO YOU THINK? FEEL FREE TO *TRY THEM ON.* SEE HOW THEY *FEEL.*

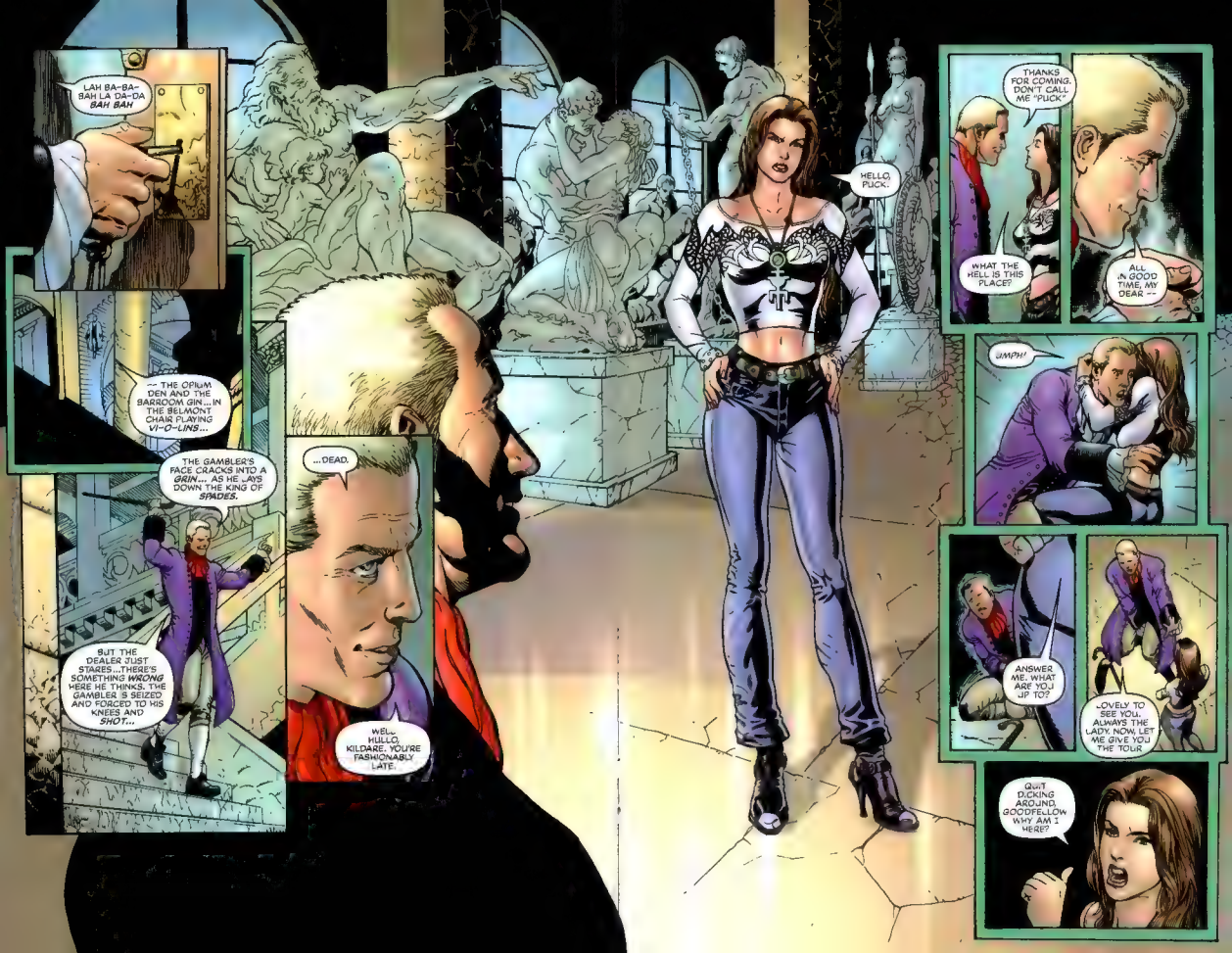
WHOA!
KRK-KRAK-KA-
THOOM!

NO. NO. THIS S...THIS IS *WRONG*... THIS ISN'T WHAT I MEANT...
I BEG TO DIFFER, MY DEAR. I THINK THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEANT. STILL, IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED
I SHALL LEAVE YOU ALONE TO CONSIDER YOUR OPTIONS.

A SAMPLE IMAGE FROM
ARIA: A MIDWINTERS TALE

BY
JAY ANACLETO

COMING TO YOU
IN DECEMBER


LAH BA-BA-BAH LA DA-DA BAH BAH
-- THE OPIUM DEN AND THE BARROOM GIN... IN THE BELMONT CHAIR PLAYING VI-O-LINS...
THE GAMBLER'S FACE CRACKS INTO A GRIN... AS HE LAYS DOWN THE KING OF SPADES.
BUT THE DEALER JUST STARES...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE HE THINKS. THE GAMBLER IS SEIZED AND FORCED TO HIS KNEES AND SHOT...
...DEAD.
WELL HULLO, KILDARE. YOU'RE FASHIONABLY LATE.
HELLO, PUCK.
THANKS FOR COMING DON'T CALL ME "PUCK."
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?
ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY DEAR --
UMPH!
ANSWER ME. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
-OVELY TO SEE YOU, ALWAYS THE LADY. NOW, LET ME GIVE YOU THE TOUR
QUIT DICKING AROUND, GOODFELLOW. WHY AM I HERE?

BECAUSE I HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT AND YOU HAVE SOMETHING I WANT.
VERY WELL
LET'S SEE. WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
TRISTAN? TIMOTHY?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. THOMAS.
DON'T EVEN START WITH YOUR MIND GAMES, ASSHOLE. IT'S A PICTURE. SO WHAT?
IS IT? I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION IT WAS SO MUCH MORE.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.
WHAT
OH THOMAS

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? WHAT KIND OF TRICK...
SNAP!
NO TRICK, I ASSURE YOU IT'S HIS *SOUL*. CAPTURED IN PAINT AND IVORY.

AND I AM QUITE LITERALLY HOLDING IT IN THE PALM OF MY *HAND*.
GIVE ME THAT, GOODFELLOW.
OH, I INTEND TO. AND YOU MAY DO WITH IT WHAT YOU WILL. SET IT FREE, HOLD IT CAPTIVE WHATEVER YOU DESIRE.

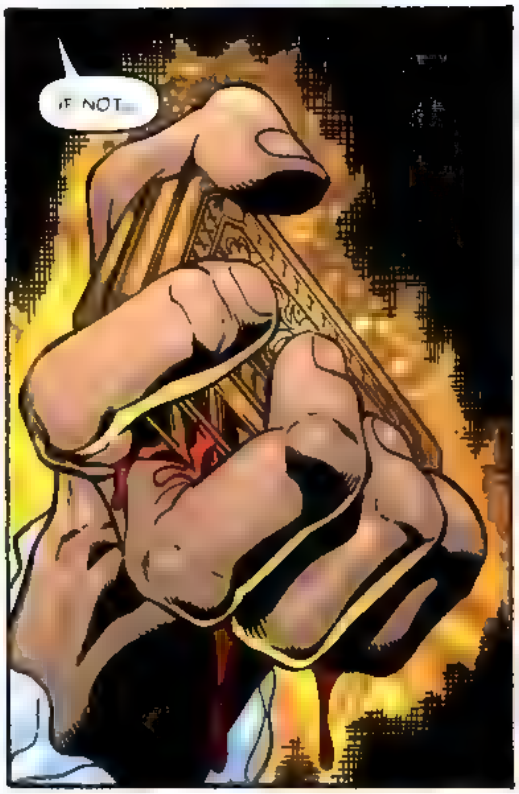
AND?

AND IN EXCHANGE, YOU SHALL DO ME A *SERVICE*.

WHAT I ASK IN RETURN IS THAT YOU *PROTECT ME*. SEEMS THERE'S SOME PSYCHOTIC LITTLE GIRL WHO'S DETERMINED TO *DESTROY* ME.
SEEMS I TOOK SOMETHING OF HER'S AND SHE'S SWORN REVENGE. I DO BELIEVE YOU'VE ALREADY MET HER.

T IS YOUR TASK TO SEE SHE DOES NOT HARM ME.
WHAT?
WHO AM I? *XENA*? EVEN IF I WANTED TO SAVE YOUR SORRY ASS, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I COULD STOP HER?

YOU WILL STOP HER BY DOING PRECISELY WHAT I TELL YOU TO.


IF NOT...

BA-THOOM!
NOW... DO WE HAVE AN AGREEMENT?
STOP IT PLEASE STOP IT
GLADLY, BUT FIRST, LET'S AGREE ON TERMS
STOP!
TELL ME YOU'LL HELP ME.
YES.
YOU'LL DO ANYTHING I ASK.
YES. FINE. JUST STOP IT!
ANYTHING I ASK.
FINE!
SAY IT!
...FINE...
I...WILL DO... ANYTHING YOU ASK
VERY GOOD
NOW... GIVE ME THAT LITTLE TRINKET AROUND YOUR NECK.
WHAT?
ANYTHING I WANT...
I... CAN'T...
YOU'D BETTER

NOW! GIVE IT TO ME NOW.
CHK-KRA-BOOM!
TAKE IT OFF AND GIVE IT TO ME. GIVE IT FREELY OR I SWEAR...
LISTEN TO ME, YOU SPOILED LITTLE BITCH...!

A SAMPLE IMAGE FROM
ARIA: A MIDWINTERS TALE

BY
JAY ANACLETO

COMING TO YOU
IN DECEMBER

I'VE COME FOR MY SOUL.